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SEPTEMBER 14, 1979

A SPECIAL ISSUE

Paul Thibaud
THE NEW FACE OF SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY

Ronald Modras
SOLIDARITY, OPPOSITION & PLURALISM

Edward Cuddy
THE REBEL FUNCTION IN THE CHURCH

Fleming Rutledge
THE POPE, THE LORD & THE NATIONS

Bogumil Koscieszа
THE POPE & WOMEN

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Correspondence

Rays & rationing

Claremont, Ca.

To the Editors: Your lead editorial in the issue of July 6 ("The Great American Dreamboat") is, as always, well worth reading and *pondering*.

But its conclusion was disappointing.

You proposed as a "ray of hope" the very expensive and environmentally-harmful production of synthetic gasoline.

I think—especially for *Commonweal*'s own rather special religious viewpoint—that two other "rays" should have shined more brightly than that one.

The first of these would have been development of clean, inexhaustible God-given solar energy in all its many forms.

The second would have been—a sharp, effective, demand-reducing *rationing* of all petroleum products. Not gasoline only, but the use of petroleum to produce petro-chemical products as well.

JERRY VOORHIS

Libertarians transcend

Wilmington, Delaware

To the Editors: I was quite impressed with "Limits of the Superpowers" by Richard Kirkus [Aug. 8]. He correctly assessed the "we" versus "them" philosophy of the United States as the major factor in the continuing Cold War with the Soviet Union.

John Garvey's article on the draft ("Draft No, Assassins Yes") was also a welcome relief from the hawkish tenor of the Congress and the Pentagon. One correction, however, seems in order. Mr. Garvey stated that he was glad "to see the intelligent right (Students for a Libertarian Society) combine with the intelligent left" in opposition to the draft.

Libertarians are *not* politically "right." (This goes for all libertarian groups as well, including SLS, with which I have worked.) It is true that libertarians view government meddling in the economy with disfavor. But they also vigorously support civil liberties against the puritanic paternalism of the conservatives in the area of drugs, prostitution, gay rights, etc. And today's right wing would only wince at libertarian anti-militarism and their criticism of the corporate state.

Libertarians, in short, transcend the left/right political spectrum in their defense of the rights of the individual.

DAVID A. LIPS
Activities Chairman
Libertarian Party of Delaware

Is Garvey serious?

Douglaston, N.Y.

To the Editors: In reading John Garvey's recent column "Draft No—Assassins Yes" [Aug. 3], it is difficult to discover just where his facetiousness ends and seriousness begins. One thing appears obvious, however: he opposes a draft except (perhaps) only after armed hostilities break out. He holds this position (apparently) because he feels it intimates the state "owns us."

I would then presume Mr. Garvey is an all-out, mount-the-barricades, table-thumping opponent of "forced busing" because implementation of that concept most certainly maintains that six-year-olds (and others) can be utilized by the state against their and their parents' wills to help "solve" (?) a problem that the child and most likely its parents and grandparents had absolutely nothing to do with causing.

Furthermore, the corollary of his draft position would imply that he opposes the use of "quotas," "goals," etc., in education and/or employment to assist minorities and/or women. It would appear to me such action by the government as telling an individual he/she can or cannot be a doctor, lawyer or factory foreman (foreperson?) because of their sex, color of skin or ethnic background is the equivalent (or worse) of saying such citizens are "owned" or "owe something" to society as in conscription.

I suspect Mr. Garvey's positions on such questions are not nearly as strident as on the draft in part because he does not foresee any negative consequences to his children as he does with the draft.

The problem of the maintenance of a standing army is indeed a serious one. I believe a reasonable defense can be made for the pacifist position of total disarmament and let's take our chances. I myself don't hold that position and feel that if we are to have an army it should be made up of all the citizen elements of society, not primarily the poor and alienated who perceive little opportunity for themselves in civilian life. And yes, I do believe there are obligations of citizenship and one of them could be serving two years in the armed forces or alternative service.

I believe Mr. Garvey's words do little to enlighten such a serious and complex question.

But perhaps I do him an injustice by deigning to believe any of his statements should be taken seriously.

JOSEPH MULHOLLAND

Escaping the dirty work

Trenton, N.J.

To the Editor: I don't understand. John Garvey sure writes real good about armies and hit-men and society and the Constitution and all [Aug. 3]. But he left out the juicy part. Namely a defensible argument to support his position opposing the registration of people for a possible draft.

Now I could see it if he had himself a strangest dream or something the night before he wrote his article, "Draft No, Assassins Yes," and he wanted to put an end to war. Everybody has those dreams. When it happens to me, I drink chocolate

(Continued on page 508)

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Editor: James O'Gara
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Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

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JOHN PAUL II: AN AFFIRMING FLAME

"WE HAVE A POPE!" So goes the ancient cry announcing the election of each individual to the See of Peter. But for some time many Catholics have not had a pope. Yes, of course, they recognized the Holy Father as their spiritual leader, took a pride and an interest in his public actions on behalf of peace and justice, and gave a certain attention—increasingly desultory, it seemed—to his admonitions and governance of the church. Psychologically, however, the papacy had become a phantom of the solid presence it once was in the lives of these Catholics. Their situation, in fact, resembled a throwback to the pre-modern era when vast barriers of distance and language divided papacy from the peasant, for whom the pope was more of a cosmological fixture than a real person. The recent barriers have also been of distance and language, but of a psychological rather than a literal sort. The devotion and goodness that shone from these men seemed to come from a different age; they did not appear to share in the modern experience of life, an appearance reinforced by careers that began with early entry into the seminary and ended amidst the ritual, rhetoric and regalia of a Renaissance court. Each time these men pierced these barriers and touched ordinary existence, the event was celebrated like a visit from afar. We marvelled that the pope was, after all, "human." The problem was that this "humanity" so often seemed like a momentary deviation, a blessed relief, from the pope's official role.

How that changed with the accession of John Paul II. So many who could always say, as Roman Catholics, "We have a *pope*," could now say, with a new, personal emphasis, "*We* have a pope." A man who had lived at the fiery heart of this century, the drama of its succumbing and resistance to totalitarianism, was now on the throne of Peter, a man who had known the disruption and loss of war, the searching of modern thought and art, the common pleasures of sport and comradeship. The excitement has been great, the new hope immense—as the articles in this special issue amply testify.

And yet they testify to something else as well—a lingering wariness. The diminished papacy was also cause and effect of a maturing of Catholics. The psychological gap, like the physical distance between England and its Canadian colony in the 19th century, initiated what Lord Durham called a relationship of "salutary neglect"; and even as John Paul II's vigor and his tempering in the crucible of Polish resistance provoke enthusiasm, they also provoke worries, qualms about that enthusiasm itself. Many Catholics do not wish to surrender their hard-won independence, either to a renewed Roman discipline or to some desire of their own, in a time of weak leaders and crumbling dogmas, for a commanding figure who can be uncritically admired and followed. Hence another theme running through these articles is the conviction that the pluralism and inner diversity of the post-Vatican Council church, however unlike the experience of Poland (as well as

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TO OUR READERS: In order to improve service and minimize increasing costs, *Commonweal* has changed its mailing operations. The introduction of a new system will inevitably result in a few irregularities. We ask that readers inform us of any problems with the delivery of their issues, so that we can quickly correct any problems.

the preference of Rome), can be justified in the Pope's own terms.

The danger, of course—and Paul Thibaud warns us against it—is that critical Catholics and sympathetic non-Catholics will take the Pope only on *their* terms—celebrating him when he represents the church as *they* would have it, retreating to "salutary neglect" when he deviates from their preconceived model. The result would be to rethink nothing, to learn nothing, to foreclose any challenges to accepted outlooks. And John Paul II is rich with challenges. Consider, for only one, the observation made by Alfred Bloch, one of the translators of Karol Wojtyla's philosophical work: "He's convinced that we're engaged in a titanic struggle for Western civilization. Curiously enough, it's not between Communism and capitalism—but between capitalism and Christianity. The Pope knows capitalism has won the battle against Communism, hands down. He knows that the true, deeper struggle concerns the value structure." If this accurately represents the Pope's position, then it should compel something more than self-congratulation on the part of those who have frequently been critical of capitalism; it should compel a serious effort to analyze in what respects there is a struggle between capitalism and Christianity, and what concrete forms of social and economic institutions might emerge from a successful prosecution of that struggle, and in what ways individuals might live and act now to take sides in this struggle. Setting aside vague, overworked phrases and simplistic pipe-dreams, can we really imagine a society beyond the capitalist one we know, a society in which the prevailing values are radically different? Dare we?

"The Pope's task seems impossible," writes Paul Thibaud. This is true of his journey to America as well as his leadership of the church. Not that he will have difficulty in generating immediate excitement and attention. The problem is saying something that will stir to life a world, East and West, North and South, apparently mired in stale beliefs and mediocre leadership. There is no secular *mystique* which has not degenerated into *politique:* Communism, nationalism, "Third-Worldism"—they have proved more productive of wars and refugees than of freedom or prosperity. The Islamic revival begins to replay the West's history of religious wars. Advanced capitalism draws a blank in meeting either its own economic problems or the 'Holocaust" of starvation that the World Bank recently predicted for the poor nations. One is reminded of the "low dishonest decade" that ended just forty years ago with Hitler's invasion of the Pope's Poland. Writing at that time of a "world in stupor," W.H. Auden took comfort only in the fact that "dotted everywhere,/Ironic points of light/Flash out wherever the Just/Exchange their messages"; and he prayed that he, "like them," might "Show an affirming flame." That is the way we see the Pope's visit: a point of light flashing out from the Just. We hope there will be numerous affirming flames.

ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Earlier this summer dance critic Don McDonagh turned in two reviews, one of the American Ballet Theater's season, one on the Royal Danish Ballet's tour. Having space for only one of these two reviews, the editors chose to print the latter and returned the ABT review with regrets. We especially regretted passing up a remark reported by McDonagh when he wrote of the ABT's difficulty in finding a suitably talented and *tall* male partner for ballerina Cynthia Gregory. Joked Ms. Gregory, "Perhaps Aleksandr Godunov will defect this summer when the Bolshoi comes to New York." Had we chosen to print that review, it would have come off the presses on August 22. On August 23, Aleksandr Godunov defected.

Follow-up on Northern Ireland

AFTER THE KILLINGS

COMPROMISE QUICKLY FORGOTTEN

THE LAST MONTH has been a traumatic one for Northern Ireland's Protestant majority. The sight of Provisional IRA men waving their guns on the streets of Belfast; the murder of Lord Mountbatten, the Queen's cousin, by republican terrorists; the massacre of 18 or more British soldiers in an IRA ambush; and the threat of more to come—all these events have driven the Protestants and their paramilitary spokesmen into the old postures of threatened retaliation. Forgotten already is the talk of compromise—the talk of a "non-sectarian Independent Ulster."

The history of Northern Ireland over the last decade is full of such reversals. Leaders who hold out the hand of peace pull it back when those they lead make ugly noises of revenge. It is tragically a part of Protestant experience that many of those who genuinely sought to open new avenues of political thought for the Northern Ireland majority have quickly found them-

> ***"This act of shocking violence is an insult to human dignity and I firmly condemn it together with the other acts of violence yesterday that caused deaths and brought suffering to many families."***
> —John Paul II on the murder of Lord Mountbatten

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selves isolated from their followers by pressure of events, events like those mentioned above, and have had to beat a hasty retreat back behind the old slogans of loyalist domination.

It has happened again. The UDA's band of assassins—whom they named the Ulster Freedom Fighters in an attempt to mislead the police into thinking they constituted a separate organization—has already struck: a Catholic was gunned down in Belfast only two days after the murder of Mountbatten. And the UFF say it is just the beginning. The UFF/UDA know where such beginnings will inevitably lead. Once more it seems Northern Ireland is destined to spin in the bloody groove of murder and revenge. JACK HOLLAND

(Jack Holland wrote on changing attitudes among Northern Ireland's Protestants in the last issue of Commonweal.*)*

Report from Ireland

THE PAPAL SURPRISE

ULSTER NO, KNOCK YES

THE POPE'S VISIT to Ireland got off to a bad start. From the beginning, it was caught up in the politico-religious divisions over Northern Ireland. Before the announcement was a week old, what had been described, somewhat disingenuously, as "a pastoral visit to the Irish church," had turned into a political tug-of-war. One side felt the visit would have no real significance unless the Pope visited Northern Ireland and handled the political aspect with the same delicate firmness that he had shown in Poland. On the other side were those who feared that a visit to the North would only make things worse or that it was, as the Reverend Ian Paisley saw it, a plot by Rome and the Dublin government to "foist" the Pope on the North.

The Irish bishops did not handle things too skilfully. First, they were taken by surprise. They had issued their invitation to the Pope last November in the hope that he would visit Ireland during the celebrations of the centenary of an apparition at Knock, County Mayo, on August 21, 1879. The long delay in answering had convinced them that the visit was not scheduled for this year. When it was sprung on them, they had nothing ready.

In proposing an itinerary, the immediate question was whether a visit to Northern Ireland should be included. The Catholic church in Ireland recognizes no frontier between the 26 counties of the Republic and the 6 counties of Northern Ireland. Several dioceses straddle the border. The North contains the reputed burial place of St. Patrick at Armagh, which is the primatial see. It seemed inconceivable that the North should be excluded.

But it is in the North, too, that religion has become inextricably entangled with politics. Would a visit by the Pope help to heal a decade of "troubles," with 2,000 dead and 20,000 injured, or would it precipitate greater violence still?

The bishops decided for. Their suggested itinerary included Armagh, though for reasons of security and protocol the proposed locations were not announced. All that Cardinal Tomás O Fiaich of Armagh would say was that a visit to the North was not necessarily ruled out.

That was enough for Mr. Paisley. He announced that the visit would not take place, and he immediately launched a vigilante movement to stop it. Rev. Desmond Wilson, a Belfast priest whose progressive views have got him into trouble with his bishop, said it was time to call Mr. Paisley's bluff by having a confrontation. The Moderator of the Presbyterian church split his flock by saying he would decline any invitation to meet the Pope.

Mrs. Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, appeared to agree with those who felt the visit to the North should take place. She told the House of Commons that if the Pope wished to visit the United Kingdom (which, of course, includes Northern Ireland), he would be welcome. Next day, however, the British Foreign Office announced that the Vatican had categorically ruled out any trip to Northern Ireland, a statement subsequently confirmed by a Vatican spokesman.

Irish ecclesiastical circles are convinced that the British deliberately engineered the ploy, putting Mrs. Thatcher in a good light while at the same time making it diplomatically impossible for the Pope to go to Northern Ireland. They have not, however, completely ruled out such a visit. If it does not come off, a compromise has been worked out: the Pope will go to a part of the Archdiocese of Armagh which is in the Republic. Ironically, it is also likely to be very near the Boyne River where William of Orange defeated James II's Catholic forces in 1690.

Meanwhile, the Irish newspapers are playing up the visit as hard as they can. In a recent issue, the *Irish Times*, offering extracts from editorials in the provincial weeklies, headed its piece: "Ecstasy over coming Papal visit." The headline was not justified by the extracts themselves, all of which confined themselves to three main points: (1) the Pope is honoring Ireland by his visit; (2) there is (or is not) a chance that he will include our particular locality in his itinerary; (3) the Rev. Ian Paisley has a nerve to warn the Pope to keep out of the North.

In fact, the most interesting aspect of the reaction to the announcement of the Papal visit is how muted general reaction has been. Though the event is likely to attract the largest crowds ever seen in Ireland (the present record is shared between the Dublin Eucharistic Congress in 1932 and the mass meetings held by Daniel O'Connell before Catholic Emancipation in 1829), it has generated, so far at least, nothing like the euphoria surrounding John F. Kennedy's visit in 1963.

There are several reasons for the comparatively low-key reaction. The possibility of the visit had been discussed for months. The papal visit to Poland had been widely publicized. A 19-week postal strike, petrol shortages and electricity blackouts were more immediate concerns.

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But it was the uncertainty about what lay behind the visit which caused most of the comparative coolness. Its raison d'être was not obvious. Was the Pope coming mainly to visit Knock? Not everyone in Ireland is comfortable with the devotional aspects of the shrine. The Irish church has tried to play down Knock and its reputed miracles for half a century: why play them up now? Were the bishops using the Pope's known Marianism to entice him to Ireland for political or institutional purposes?

And always the burning question—would the Pope visit Northern Ireland? The crisis there, with its religious connotations, is the most significant reality in Ireland today. How could the Pope come to the country without making a significant intervention in the crisis?

None of this uncertainty and doubt has affected the village of Knock itself. It is a prosperous hamlet in the middle of one of Ireland's most neglected and backward counties. Here, a hundred years ago on a rainy August night, fifteen local people claimed to have seen the apparition. In a bright light, on the south gable of the little church, the virgin Mary, flanked by St. Joseph and St. John, appeared—all of them as solid, three-dimensional figures—for nearly two hours. No words were spoken; no message was given. But the figures were so real that some of the old women tried to touch them.

Today, Knock is a thriving center. All round the original chapel, where statues represent the apparition, are the magnificent new buildings of the shrine—rest homes and accommodations for the sick, offices and a major basilica which can hold a 15,000 congregation. There is room for only 500 visitors in the houses of the village itself—there is no hotel—and for 5,000 within a 25-mile radius. On the day of the Pope's expected visit, Sunday, September 30, at least one million people are expected. How the twisty, narrow roads of County Mayo will cope with the invasion will be a miracle in itself.

DESMOND FISHER

(Desmond Fisher is Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland.)*

Due to space limitations, John Garvey's regular column is not appearing in this special issue devoted to John Paul II.

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

DEAD FARMS

A LOST INHERITANCE OF ACCUMULATED LABORS

VERMONT farmers—such as remain—speak of the stone crop. The rocky fields of New England are of course legend, but the farmers speak of a literal crop. Picking stone is a seasonal chore. The conventional explanation for the new crop of stone, turned up whenever a field is plowed, is frost. If the snow comes late in Vermont the ground may freeze down three feet and more. This has the effect of literally squeezing the stone up to the surface, which is why picking stone is never done.

In the old days—which means more or less up until the Second World War—the stones were dragged to the side of the field on a heavy wooden sled called a stone boat, pulled by oxen. In the really old days—which means more or less up until the turn of the century—the stones were then used to build wall. The size of some of these stones is breathtaking. You see them at the base of old foundation walls for barns which have burned or caved in beneath the snow or been dismantled for their weathered siding, prized by interior decorators, or otherwise disposed of by time and neglect because they are no longer needed. It must have taken a day or more to move one of those big old stones and wrestle it into place. Building a barn foundation might have taken a month or six weeks, which is longer than it takes to build a tract house from first arrival of the bulldozer to the final coat of paint. Stone was used because it didn't cost anything but work and you had to put the things somewhere.

The amount of work which went into one of the old Vermont farms is humbling. A farm of a hundred and fifty acres might have two miles of stone walls around fields, flanking cattle runs, in sheep folds and the like. Out walking in the woods you may come across a four-foot-high wall in the middle of what appears to be nowhere, running right through a mature forest which hasn't been cut over in a hundred years. I know of one wall which runs right up a side hill so steep that in effect it forms a wall 60 feet high, the stones piled on top of each other and only leaning against the hill. You can't walk up the hill; it's too steep. You've got to scramble up on all fours. How the builders of the wall got the stones up I don't know, but it certainly must have required a heavy investment of time and labor.

When I was ten or twelve there were at least a dozen farms along Broad Brook Road between South Royalton and East Barnard. Most were small operations, with only eight or ten milk cows. At least two were farmed entirely with horses, and a couple of the others used horses for logging and sugaring. Cows provided the cash income on all of these farms, and it wasn't much. The average might have been a couple of thousand dollars a year. Agricultural experts refer to such operations as "marginal" or "subsistence" farms, and the families that worked them got along by keeping chickens and pigs, and occasionally goats and sheep, along

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with the cows. Women started canning as soon as the first crop of peas came in, and they kept it up all summer long. Some families never ate fresh vegetables at all, but finished up last year's canned peas and corn while this year's were being put up. At the height of blackberry season, beginning about the middle of August, you would see women out along the roads and up in the old pastures with five gallon galvanized buckets. When the blackberries were done the butternuts began to fall, but butternuts take a lot of work and not everyone bothered to gather them. First they have to be dried so the sticky husks can be removed. Then they must be cracked open, and the only way to crack open a butternut is to set the round end into a pocket in a rock and hit the pointed end with a hammer. Ideal is a milk can hammer, a short-handled affair with a heavy head. You may try twenty ways to hold the nut but in the end you always come back to holding it, gingerly and reluctantly, with your fingers. The shell of a butternut is extremely hard, and it takes a considerable blow right on the point to crack it open neatly so you can extract the meat. Hitting your fingers is extremely easy to do. In a long evening of cracking you might accumulate a quart of nuts. It's almost more trouble than it's worth.

When I was a child I took the farms for granted, and did not put two and two together when I went to the auctions. I loved the auctions. At one just up the road I bought a bag of chicken grit for a quarter, thinking it would be perfect for a slingshot (which it wasn't), and an engraving of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, askew in its frame, for fifty cents. Everything was extremely cheap. A box of books might cost a dollar. My mother once bought a small, Gothic parlor stove with a great many little doors and windows for $15. She dreamed of putting it in her sitting room, so she might do her mending next to it on cold August nights. She oiled it every year but somehow it never got set up and it is still in the attic.

It never quite occurred to me that every auction meant one less farm. A "subsistence" or "marginal" farm is an organic thing. It grows slowly and represents accumulated labor, not money. Since it doesn't produce money, but only "subsistence," no one with any sense would ever invest money to create one. The tools and animals would accumulate slowly, like the buildings and stone walls and fields. Once the tools and animals were dispersed, a process of irreversible decay would begin, with the fields growing up to brush, and then forest, and the barns falling in under the weight of neglect and snow.

It is an odd fact that the old farms which were created with labor eventually came to be worth money, but the people who did the labor never saw the money. By the time the market for Vermont farms as summer places began to quicken in the early 1960s, the old farm families, for the most part, were long gone. The things which were so cheap at auction 25 years ago bring astonishing prices now—$100 for an ox yoke, $50 each for oak kitchen chairs, $150 for a butternut bureau. Land which once sold for $5 an acre now brings $300-400 in large parcels, and $1000 in small parcels. A farm worth $4,000 at the end of World War Two might bring ten times as much now. Of course no one wants to farm them. You might almost say that their value in money is in inverse proportion to their productivity as land. The old farm families which remain can't afford to pass on the farms from one generation to the next, so the old places are broken up. Middle-aged Vermonters who can't afford the houses they grew up in move to trailers, which are not much loved by the summer people who *can* afford the houses. Nothing has happened to the land; it is still so productive that anything left lying in May will be lost in the grass by the first of June. But no one wants to work the land, for the most part; the farms are being broken up, and no one will ever put them back together again.

WE LIVE in an age rich in government programs, but none, so far as I know, was ever intended to do anything except hasten the demise of the "marginal" farm. The marginal farmers themselves may bitterly regret the prices they took 25 years ago, but I doubt many of them miss the life they escaped. They wanted the things money can buy—cars, freezers, weekends, snowmobiles, dental work, two-week vacations to Florida, color televisions, college educations, chainsaws—and while the "marginal" farm offered a fine life compared to that of the peasants of India, say, it looked pretty thin next to the California suburbs of television sitcoms. These people have always worked hard and they work hard still; the regrettable thing is that the land was abandoned when the old style of farming came to an end.

A couple of weeks ago a young man in East Barnard showed me around his family's barn. At the time of the First World War, according to his grandfather, it had been one of the biggest barns in the valley, a huge U-shaped complex put up over the previous century, one section at a time. The construction was post and beam, pegged at the joints. The roof rafters were logs sawed on two sides, each about 30 feet long, Someone, a long time ago, must have spent an entire winter cutting the beams to measure, and then putting them up all at once in a day or so. It had obviously been a mammoth job, and it had been done right, but even so it was falling down. It was just too much work to maintain; no one needed a barn that size anymore. A leak in the roof would let in the water and a pocket of rot would set in. A collapsing sill would throw a wall out of line; siding would splinter; more water and snow would enter and the process would accelerate. About half the barn remains but another big section is already beyond repair. The young man explained how they planned to save the remainder.

Looking at that great hulk of a barn, or at the stone walls which run through the woods where fields once were, or at the brush growing up in the fields which remain, it is hard not to marvel at the sheer human labor it took to build these farms out of the virgin forest. Whole lifetimes were spent clearing land, hauling stones, making barns and pasture and gardens. The men who did the work must have prided themselves in leaving to their children something of permanent value. They can hardly have imagined it would all be simply thrown away.

THOMAS POWERS

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The new face of spiritual authority

PAUL THIBAUD

THE ELECTION of John Paul II and his early actions as pope, the unforeseen popularity he had continued to enjoy even after people's surprise wore off, the difficulty of categorizing the new Pontiff, and the confusion thus created within the tribes and factions of Catholicism—all these go to prove that we are facing one of those events marking a change in our vision of the world. Examining such events can even cause us to give up a few prejudices.

As we observe or try to predict shifts in public opinion, as we see how the warm-hearted, theatrical style of the new Pope touches the crowds, we get a sense that he is filling a role the need for which must have been both urgent and poorly perceived before his arrival revealed its latent strength: the need for a world spiritual leader. "Expert in humanity"—such was the title that we know Paul VI claimed when addressing the United Nations. But we know, too, that Montini was never able to win recognition for himself in that role; his voice was always heard as one of futile good will, or as speaking from a past that refused to die. Karol Wojtyla, on the other hand, even in the eyes of people who formally dispute some of his positions (notably, in the matters of contraception and abortion), seems to enjoy what was beginning to be dangerously lacking in the papacy: moral authority.

An authoritative voice does not necessarily elicit agreement—indeed, perhaps the opposite, since nothing is more eroding to legitimate authority than weary repetition of the obvious. An authoritative voice speaks to a need, however; it makes us see that a given point of view is important, that a whole area of thought and reflection—now that we have been reminded of it—is indispensable, is a contribution to truth. The papal voice has recovered a little of this impact, at least for the moment; it reaps the benefit from our disappointment with doctrines of efficacy and with ideas that, relying on science and politics, promise to make this a better world. Unlike those secular religions, science and politics, the papal voice at least reminds us that there are questions for which there are no answers—we all encounter them daily—and that we cannot live without taking a stand on certain issues, without making commitments as risky as they are unavoidable. In a word, it reminds us of the importance of the ethical and the spiritual, dimensions that yesterday's ideologies sought to diminish.

PAUL THIBAUD *is the editor of the French journal* Esprit *where this article appeared last April. The translation is by Adrienne Foulke.*

I

FOR A LONG TIME, the Catholic church has been the object of mixed feelings. It has been, by turns, something people have wished to be identified with and something they have wished to be emancipated from; we have seen opinions about the church undergo sharp changes. But the credit generally accorded the present pope cannot be dismissed as merely a burst of traditionalism. When a public personality laying claim to a universal role enjoys a renewal of moral authority that is recognized the world over, it cannot be a matter of chance. Indeed, now that our planet has become one great society of peoples, an immense contrast has developed between the currents of public opinion and the conventions and interests that determine the policies of governments. Since the Cold War and the period of decolonization have ended and international ideals associated with the labor movement have grown feeble, official institutions throughout the world seem to be governed by pure cynicism. As we saw when the question arose of giving support to Soviet dissidents, it has been press campaigns, the actions of private organizations like the jury for the Nobel Prize in Literature, scientific bodies, and Amnesty International that compensate for the paralysis of governments. Insofar as the United Nations is a system of states, it also has failed totally to supply even the concept of an international order transcending the play of national interest. The spread of dictatorial and totalitarian forms of government, the countless muddled conferences on development, the fiasco that ensued when UNESCO decided to meddle in the international exchange of news—all these things demonstrate that a vast zone of outstanding problems and values exists for which no authority takes responsibility.

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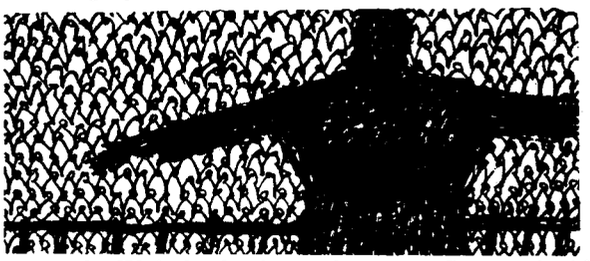
Internationally, many obvious political issues, in the absence of statutory authority or juridical justification, have been simply suppressed and denied. Consider: what kind of a world of international relations is it in which the U.N. is unable to acknowledge the great massacre of Armenians in 1895 and 1916 as facts, or in which the Turkish government finds it possible to prevent these massacres' being commemorated in France? The peoples of the world share in a psychological unity—but not the diplomats.

The peoples of Eastern Europe have become a symbol of the immense segment of humanity whose existence is denied for reasons of state; their governments have largely succeeded in making these peoples invisible, as if they had no reality other than as objects of a purportedly socialist policy. The story of their dissidence, which has taken various forms and been expressed in many actions since 1956, is precisely the story of how they have achieved visibility, an achievement owed in measure to non-governmental internationalism, of which the success of Solzhenitsyn's books, say, or the election of John Paul II have been successive examples.

From the political point of view, the Pope's election underlined a paradox. The peoples of Eastern Europe are almost nonexistent in terms of power; within the foreseeable future, they have no chance of regaining their sovereignty; they confront a world order that is based on the denial of their freedom of self-determination (and all the world finds this very natural: we call it détente). Yet it is from these peoples who have been crushed by history that Western Europeans have learned some political lessons. Their experience, their resistance has guided us; thanks to them, we know that the collective appropriation of the means of production can be a cruel joke, that problems of governmental organization have not disappeared nor will they ever. The peoples of Eastern Europe have shown us what culture can be when it is conscious of its nobility, what the courage of a believer can be, and what the demand for human rights signifies. When repression receives its full recognition through a non-political institution like the papacy, it makes one pause and think about the inadequacies of international structures, their inability to speak up for the most elementary moral needs, and their enslavement to the cynical game of national states.

It is perhaps in Eastern Europe that we see the most striking contrast between what public opinion feels and what governments do. There is to be found the material for internationalism, for a structure that may assume responsibility for human interests that the dialectic of governments ignores. Whether by human genius or divine inspiration, the conclave sensed this opening. By electing a friend of Polish dissidents, international Catholicism put in its rightful place a movement that neither the state nor the labor internationals had been able to recognize. In an unforeseen victory of the old over what believed itself to be the new, the Catholic church made up for the defaults of international organizations that are corrupt or entangled in the trappings of lay officialdom.

If one considers the election of John Paul II from within the church, what is significant is not that a non-Italian has been installed in the Vatican but that this man was elected because of what the church in Poland has recently been able to do against totalitarianism. For a thousand years, the church has confused institutional unity with the cult of its center, with its *Romanità*, with uniformity. Amid obvious difficulties, it was able to recover credibility only by acknowledging the importance of a peripheral religious experience. In the normal functioning of a centralized apparatus, it is held that the more closely an individual is integrated with the central bureaucracy, the fewer special bonds that person will have and the more qualified he is, therefore, to represent the institution. The choice of Cardinal Wojtyla constitutes an important departure from this way of thinking. The election of a man from the periphery suggests a different concept of unity. Unity is seen not as being ensured by the disciplinary integration the Curia provides but as being achieved through the exchange and confrontation of differing experiences. It may be no exaggeration to see here an early indication of the liquidation in the church of a centralized apparatus that was established in the time of Gregory VII.



In sum, the Wojtyla election makes one reflect on the idea, indeed on the possibility, of something like a spiritual authority both within the Catholic community and beyond. To those of us who welcome this possibility with hope, it seems that what characterizes this spiritual authority is twofold: it represents what the dominant system of governments ignores; and it is rooted in the particular, the individual. The fact that this authority expresses itself via a logic so opposed to that of state apparatuses, which wish only to perpetuate themselves and to accommodate each other, explains why only periods of crisis give such authority an opportunity

II

THE POPE seems convinced that the present situation offers Catholicism fresh opportunities, and even the possibility of new relationships with the modern world. He has suggested as much in his first encyclical: "A large part of the human family, in different milieus, has become in my opinion more aware of absolutely needing the church of Christ, its mission, and its service." And a bit further on: "Jesus Christ becomes in a way, newly present, despite all His seeming absences." One can read here allusions to the recent experience of the Polish church, and to the fact that in the struggle shared by some Polish revisionists with Christians, the former have come to recognize the church as a protection for the people. As a Polish writer noted two years ago, these revisionists have repudiated as potentially totalitarian "the self-sufficing certainty that the supernatural order does not exist."

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The struggles of the Polish church have left deep marks on the Pope. Much of what he has said and done since his election is a natural expression of that experience. But one must not be deceived by the nature of Catholic resistance in Poland. If in the last few years the Polish church has supported and sometimes sparked the fight for human rights and freedoms, historically its strategy has been based on the prior defense of its own domain; on the preservation, through religious rites and education, of a strong and coherent Catholicism. This strategy was personified in Cardinal Wyszynski, and for a long time was criticized by the Polish opposition and even by Catholic intellectuals. One of them wrote ten years ago: "in all that concerns essential political and social problems the Church remains passive. . . . It is powerful, but except in secondary matters, its power is not used."

For a long time, the opposition was haunted by the danger in Poland of a "historic compromise"—well before the term was invented—in which the church would retain governance of souls while the government would have complete freedom in its domain. The fact that things have not turned out this way is obviously due in part to the nature of the Communist government, but also in part to the fact that spiritual action concerns man in his wholeness and necessarily has social repercussions.

Those who chide John Paul II for not inveighing against Pinochet the way they think he castigated Gierek are merely displaying their ignorance. They are ascribing to the Polish church a strategy that is not its strategy. There has been no political defiance on the part of the church in Poland but rather the defense and consolidation of its strong points: religious life, family life and, at the most, organizational life. The government was forced to retreat after a slow change in the balance of forces that occurred as Polish society moved progressively toward autonomy. Rather than insist that the Pope pass from this method to that of Camilo Torres, critics would do better to ask themselves whether even politically the Polish method might not in the long run prove to be more efficacious.

The fact that in Poland the struggle for simple existence preceded the struggle for human rights accounts for the Pope's insistence, both in his encyclical and in the statements he made in Mexico, on the primary necessity of first defending the Catholic identity. To him this means the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline: "The church today needs Christians prepared to bear clear witness to their Catholic identity . . ." (this from his sermon in the Cathedral in Mexico City); she needs also priests who are not ashamed to wear the cassock, religious who obey their bishops rather than surrender to the temptation to wield a "parallel ministry," and theologians who do not abandon themselves to their fantasies: "No one can discuss theology as if that meant no more than offering an exposé of his personal ideas." The same priority accounts for the Pope's insistence on respect for traditional rules regarding sexual morality, Christian education within the family, as well as his praise for pilgrimages and popular piety.

Such statements have aroused indignant protests on the left: people enduring hunger and torture are being invited to trust in the Holy Virgin. . . ! The objections are overhasty. The Pope does not deny that one must fight for freedom and justice. It is simply that he squarely poses the question avoided by those who require a "prophetic" word that is at once both fully Christian and fully political. Against the refusal of these partisans to allow any distinction of levels, the Pope maintains that it is necessary to "safeguard the uniqueness of Christian liberation and the energies it is capable of releasing" (Puebla address) and that an action claiming Christianity as its authority must conform to certain special criteria; among them, "the sense of communion first with the bishops, then with the other sectors of the People of God." In other words, for John Paul II it is a matter of knowing whether the action undertaken has as its point of reference the church or a political ideology. It is a pertinent question. For despite all the speeches about Liberation (unqualified and with a capital "L") in actuality people disagree about the meaning of the word, and the desire to unify the religious and the political in a single word eventually blurs the inevitable divergence between practical choices and the values by which one judges them. The result is to absolutize one's choices or one's political sentiments. Thus many have liquidated their religious referents while dedicating themselves to a totalitarian form of political conviction.

For John Paul II it is a matter of knowing whether the action undertaken has as its point of reference the church or a political ideology. It is a pertinent question.

III

JOHN PAUL II raises questions about liberation theology. (At the same time he takes care not to condemn it and avails himself of the term "liberation" as he construes it.) His questions appear justified. But it also seems to me that he too falls into an undue confidence. He aims to put spiritual authority not only at a certain remove from the political realm but also above and beyond it.

Here the Pope's thinking seems to me limited by a measure of traditionalism, while at the same time it reflects the special nature of the Polish situation. In Poland in fact, the Catholic church has the dual advantage of being both powerful and separate from power—simultaneously strong and innocent. It expresses, it irrigates, it sustains all that part of Polish life that belongs to what is private, modest, poor. Life, death, love: that which constitutes the whole of existence for the powerless, whose trust the church enjoys—that is its domain, that is its anchorage. In Poland, the church is bound to people's daily life; at the same time it represents the national identity while remaining free of the preoccupations that accompany the holding of power, and with regard to politics it finds itself in that

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position of superior legitimacy—the titular patron of what is essential and most profound—of which John Paul II's encyclical elaborates the theory. To extrapolate and apply this to Latin America is not easy. If there, as in Poland, Catholicism signifies the celebration of life and both protest and consolation in the face of suffering and injustice, it is also and at the same time the official religion and the guarantor of social order. John Paul II seems impervious to political criticism of the church (in what was socially the most militant speech he made in Mexico, in Oaxaca, the Pope offered a purely idyllic version of the evangelizing of the Indians in Latin America); and yet this criticism cannot be avoided in Latin America. Certainly, Christian devotion can be linked to the the struggle for justice there, but that justice cannot be achieved without conflicts and ruptures within the body of the Christian community itself.

The experience of social Christianity and then of Catholic Action in Europe illustrates very well the difficulties that a committed Christianity produces in Christian lands. Either much of what it tries to achieve rests upon politico-religious amalgams that cover social compromise within the Christian milieu, or the commitment leads on an open road to disillusionment, factionalism and naive hyperpoliticization when divisions among Christians finally explode. Phenomena like the wild plunge into Marxism by certain activists are then the counterpart of the earlier claim of clergy and Christians to be self-sufficient, the possessors of a perfect language, of an unalterable truth.

If the Christians in Poland were to find themselves faced with the prospect of exercising power, the church would lose its innocence, it would be fragmented, and the language of John Paul II would be less serene.

IV

FINALLY, the spirituality in which John Paul II strongly believes has, in his view, no mode of existence other than the communal: it is manifest in the revealed truths that are handed down by the hierarchy and that govern the life of Christians. It reflects a situation such as peasants in Western Europe knew not so long ago, in which government is extraneous to life. The film of Massimo Olmi—*The Tree of Wooden Clogs*—has recalled for us this world, in which life was like a ritual. Secularization shattered this once unchanging order; it introduced not only change but especially the possibility of choice, with all its attendant anxieties. The pact with immutable poverty was broken.

The spirituality that some Westerners are rediscovering, now that the religions of science, progress, and revolution have failed, is almost at the opposite pole of that traditional spirituality: it is allied to personal self-questioning, a sense of responsibility, the courage to risk, to venture. Memory of the past and communal membership can no longer serve as more than points of reference and interrogation, not as a rule defined unambiguously.

The West—and till now only the West—is experiencing the phenomenon of a secularized society. (The "socialist" systems function with an ideology that merely equals religion minus transcendance.) The secularized society implies democracy, in that it leaves to each man the choice of his reasons for living and calls values constantly into question. In a secularized society, the bond is not an inventory of recognized principles, a consensus, nor is it custom or ideology; ultimately, the social bond is found in the debate itself—in the fact that things are discussed—and in the institutions that allow this to be so. In such conditions, a faith that rests on repetition, a faith that always knows in advance, can only become marginal. What Western man feels most deeply is the gravity and uncertain nature of choice. He will go to the merchants dealing in absolutes in order to be delivered of this burden of choice, but in the end the spiritual experiment he is conducting is to be engaged beyond what he knows, to live with the unknown and to love it. In these circumstances, religious traditions are not solemn, definitive answers but rather lines of experience, intercommunicating choices, fraternities of freedoms.

The modern West does not readily tolerate ecclesiastical interventionism; it thinks that every man should be able to devise his own laws. According to the Gospel, however, beyond the law that has been laid down there is more than a cynical relativism: a presence, an exigency, a utopia may resound; a God can accompany our freedom, can make us understand that it is not pointless. Perhaps what is expected of a spiritual authority on our side of the world is that it accompany us, break our solitude—keep us company and make us communicate. Such a spiritual authority would not speak in the name of a truth that we want to be both immutable and incorporated in an organization; assuming that it is both contingent and relative, among us it would be the commemoration of the saints and the prophets.

THE POPE'S task seems impossible. How is he to be an authority for those who demand firm guideposts because they are engaged in a mass spiritual resistance, or (in Latin America) because they are undertaking a work of popular consciousness-raising, and also be an authority for Westerners who reject any authoritarian form of control? Yet one has the feeling that John Paul II has squared this circle by spontaneously assuming the ambiguity of his position, by reaffirming in classical fashion his authority in matters of dogma and morality, but couching his statements in an altogether new and relatively undogmatic form, by speaking in the first person singular, by repudiating a tone of timorous caution, by trying to center his discourse on convictions that for him have both force and radiance, by taking off quite simply from what he believes and what he has experienced rather than from what he thinks he should say. This appealing and perhaps fecund ambiguity (notably in the encyclical) repeats the ambiguity of his election itself, in which the conclave was able to regenerate Roman centrality only by choosing a pope from the outside. This is a passionately interesting story, and one that is not to be written in advance. It involves not only the future of Catholicism but also the spiritual meeting between East and West that Solzhenitsyn, since being expelled from Russia, works unceasingly to demonstrate is impossible.

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THE POPE & THEOLOGY

Solidarity & opposition in a pluralistic church

RONALD MODRAS

IF COMPARING the ideas of John Paul II since he became pontiff with his earlier writings shows anything, it is that he is consistent. Karol Wojtyla feels a sense of Providence ruling his life. He must have been chosen pope for a purpose. He said as much when he announced the appearance of his inaugural encyclical, *Redemptor Hominis*. It contains thoughts which "had been maturing in me during the years of my priestly and then episcopal service," he said. "If Christ has called me with such thoughts, with such sentiments, it is because he wanted these expressions . . . to find resonance in my new and universal ministry." Careful reading of the encyclical, as well as other addresses, prove him true to his word. They contain sentiments and ideas, often enough language and phrases, conceived and formulated long before he became pope.

Puebla was not Poland, and Cracow is not the world. The Pope apparently did considerable rewriting of his speeches in Mexico. Striking differences between his first and last addresses there indicate the ability to revise thinking in the light of experience. The Pope is a reader and a listener. He respects facts. His new office will assuredly affect John Paul II as much as he is already affecting the office. For the immediate future, however, the new Bishop of Rome can be expected to speak the same mind that he did as Archbishop of Cracow. And that may give a number of Catholic theologians cause for apprehension.

The Pope did not write at any length about theology in his first encyclical. What is there, though, is clear and to the point: Theologians are meant to "serve the magisterium, which in the church is entrusted to the bishops." While "a certain pluralism of methodology" is legitimate, theology may not depart from "fundamental unity in the teaching of faith and morals." "Close collaboration by theology with the magisterium is indispensable." Nobody "can make theology, as it were, a simple collection of his own personal ideas."

In the recently published apostolic constitution, *Sapientia Christiana*, establishing norms for ecclesiastical universities and faculties, the Pope underlines the intimate connection between theology and the church's pastoral "mission of evangelization." Although the primary purpose of theological research is "a deeper grasp of revealed truth," theologians are encouraged to assume as well the evangelical task of seeking "a more suitable way of communicating doctrine" to our contemporaries. Here, too, revelation is conceived in terms of revealed "truths." Hence, evangelical adaptation may affect the cultural form of a doctrine, but it must preserve "the same sense and meaning."

Neither his encyclical nor the apostolic constitution is the first time the Pope has expressed himself in this way. They both echo an address he gave in 1971 to a congress of Polish theologians. The Cardinal's topic was "Theologia i Teologowie w Kosciele Posoborowym" (Theology and Theologians in the Post-Conciliar Church). Although much of the talk pertained principally to conditions in Poland, the framework of the address was the state of theology in general after Vatican II.

In glowing terms the Cardinal held up as a "model" the cooperation that existed between bishops and theologians at the Council. Their relationship since that time is quite a different matter. The Cardinal cited Pope Paul VI as to the proper task of theologians to guard, teach, and defend "the sacred deposit of Revelation," in close association with the bishops but subordinate to them. Concurring with a statement of Cardinal Seper, he insisted that theologians have a purely "consultative function" and warned against "making the word of God an instrument for forcing one's own opinions."

A year previous, on the fifth anniversary of the Council's conclusion, Paul VI had issued an apostolic exhortation to bishops entitled "Postrema sessio." For Cardinal Wojtyla it constituted a veritable summary of the course Catholic theology has taken since Vatican II. Theologians are blamed for sowing seeds of doubt on such basic teachings as the Trinity, Christology, the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist and the indissolubility of marriage. Theologians fulfill an indispensable function in the church. But it was not to scholars that God gave the mission of authentically interpreting the faith. That responsibility belongs to the bishops.

Theology, the Cardinal emphasized in his address, has the task of reinterpreting Catholic tradition in forms more accommodated to contemporary culture—this was the theme sounded more recently in the apostolic constitution on universities. Criticizing traditional formulas of faith is possible. It

FATHER RONALD MODRAS *has just completed a year as Visiting Scholar at Harvard Divinity School and is joining the theology faculty at St. Louis University this fall. He is the author of* Paul Tillich's Theology of the Church.

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may even be called for. But this does not permit calling into doubt the essential content of revealed church doctrine. The form of revealed truth may change but not its substance. Post-conciliar theology has not always observed this important distinction. It has succumbed in some instances to the pressures of conforming to "false irenicism," "humanism" and even "secularism."

The Cardinal described the state of theology in Poland as fortunate, in that it was generally free of these irenic, humanistic and secular pressures. With a certain defensiveness, if not outright resentment, he refered to "certain circles, especially in the West," who criticize Polish theology as "conservative." He rejected the accusation out of hand, distinguishing between conservativism and an "honest relationship to the deposit of faith and respect for the magisterium." The fact that Poland found itself in the position of importing Western theology without exporting its own might be attributed to the "barrier of language," but it was clear the Cardinal was not happy with the uneven exchange.

The Cardinal reserved particular criticism for those who regarded the theology of Vatican II as already outmoded or passé. Registering strong disagreement, he singled out the anthropology of the Council as especially pertinent. Vatican II marked a distinct turn in the Catholic theological approach, from a cosmological orientation to one decidedly more personalist. There is a difference between seeing people as contingent beings and seeing them as personal participants in dialogue with a personal God.

FOR SOME TIME now, Pope John Paul II has regarded it a crucial task for Catholic theology to recast traditional doctrines into contemporary, personalist categories, provided always that their essence is preserved intact. He exemplified the task, as he saw it, with his most ambitious work of philosophical anthropology, *Osoba i Czyn*. Published originally in 1969, it has been translated recently as *The Acting Person* (Boston: D. Reidel, 1979). The book is unquestionably a tour de force. It proves the Pope to be very much at home in the rarefied atmosphere of phenomenological abstraction. But the book also indicates a less than sympathetic attitude to the difficulties of analyzing philosophically our use of language. Here, as elsewhere in the Pope's early writings, one fails to find an appreciation of the problems inherent in making hard and fast distinctions between substance and form when transposing doctrinal or other statements from one culture to another.

The Acting Person is an attempt to translate and validate Aristotelian and Thomistic anthropology with an analysis of the experience of deliberate human action. It is a work of philosophy and not theology. There is one section of the book, though, that invites application to the church and should be of particular interest to theologians. Within the context of the "acting person" as a participant in community, the book outlines two "authentic attitudes" which are necessary to achieve the common good that is the foundation and goal of existence in community. These attitudes are "solidarity" and "opposition." Both are necessary to each other and natural consequences of communal life and activity.

Solidarity refers to a "constant readiness to accept and realize one's share in the community," the readiness to "complement the action of other members." It works for the common good, even when this sometimes means assuming duties and obligations not one's own. It allows a person to find fulfillment in complementing others.

Opposition consists of voicing disagreement within a community without thereby withdrawing from it. "Opposition is not inconsistent with solidarity." On the contrary, it may arise precisely out of "deep concern for the common good," out of the desire to participate more fully and effectively in the life and work of a community. Such opposition is "essentially constructive," and communities should be such as to allow for its emergence, expression and effective operation. The common good, Karol Wojtyla continues, is dynamic, not static. It requires solidarity without stifling opposition. To be sure, opposition puts a certain strain on a community. But differences expressed in dialogue bring to light "what is right and true in these differences." "Regardless of the obstacles and difficulties that it may bring with it along the way," communal life is enriched by constructive opposition.

AT ODDS WITH solidarity and opposition are the inauthentic attitudes of "conformism" and "noninvolvement." Conformism consists of a servile resignation that allows oneself to be carried along by the anonymous majority. Because it replaces authentic engagement with superficial compliance, conformism constitutes a veritable withdrawal from real participation in community. It results not in unity but in a uniformity that simply masks latent differences. Cardinal Wojtyla was strong in his criticism of such servility. "Situations of prevailing conformism can never be accepted as satisfactory," he writes. "For when people adapt themselves to the demands of the community only superficially and when they do so only to gain some immediate advantages or to avoid trouble, the person as well as the community incurs irremediable losses."

Noninvolvement, like conformism, is a withdrawal from real participation in a community, but it further refrains from any pretense at unity even for the sake of appearances. Both these attitudes deprive an individual of the "dynamic strain of participation" from which stem actions leading ultimately to "authentic fulfillment" within community. The author grants that sometimes there may be reasons which lead an individual to become noninvolved, and "these same reasons become an accusation of the community" that caused it. Participation is a "fundamental good of a community." If it "becomes impossible," then "the functioning and the life of the community must somehow be defective." In short, "if members of a community see the only solution to their personal problems in withdrawal from the communal life, this is a sure sign that the common good in this community is conceived of erroneously."

When does solidarity become servile compliance? When is opposition constructive and called for? The touchstone for

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discerning authentic from inauthentic attitudes is the "dynamic subordination of action to truth," reflected in "the righteous conscience." Conscience is "the ultimate judge of the authenticity of human attitudes." It is the safeguard of the common good.

Cardinal Wojtyla made no explicit reference to the church in this discussion of authentic and inauthentic attitudes within community. Obviously, however, his words have implications for theology and reform movements within Catholicism. The rights of a "righteous conscience" are not surrendered with a theological education, much less with baptism. The Cardinal recognized not only the possibility but the necessity of loyal criticism within a community. Loyal opposition can serve the well-being of a church as well as of a state. Attempting to stifle criticism impoverishes religious as well as other communities.

Although he virtually embodies in his own person the critical function of theology vis-à-vis the state, Karol Wojtyla never highlighted the critical function of theology vis-à-vis the church's pastoral leadership. The position of the Catholic church in Poland did not allow him to do so. The militant hostility of the Marxist regime against the church required a united resistance on the part of all bishops, priests and theologians. In a non-pluralistic society, a pluralistic church could not possibly survive, let alone lead an effective struggle for human and religious rights.

In the West, however, a different situation evokes different demands. In a pluralistic society, a non-pluralistic church would be an anachronism. On a variety of issues, theologians and other Catholics, in their relationship with bishops, have found it necessary to assume the thankless function of loyal criticism. Often enough they have been disparaged as traitors to the church because of it. It is too easily forgotten that precisely those theologians who had cooperated in such "model" fashion with bishops at the Council, and who contributed so much to its teaching, often were criticized before the Council for their lack of orthodoxy. Henri de Lubac, for instance, was among those suspected of unorthodoxy and made to feel the pressure of the Holy Office before the Council. By 1965, though, he was invited to write the preface for a new book, *Amour et Responsabilité*, by Archbishop Wojtyla of Cracow.

Clearly, criticism can be intemperate and unconstructive. There are limits to opposition, as there must be to compliance. But the Pope's forthright rejection of servile compliance provides broad support for a defense of the critical function of theology. It is a function which is always preliminary to any positive, constructive reinterpretation of traditional forms or formulas, such as he called for.

Discerning between responsible and irresponsible criticism in the church is not easy. Their demarcation is rarely neat. But the mere fact that Cardinal Wojtyla so explicitly affirmed the necessity of conjoining opposition to solidarity gives cause for some allaying of apprehension. Pope John Paul II does not expect theologians to be uncritical advocates of the magisterium. He is too dialectical a thinker for that. Uncritical loyalty, for him, is no virtue. Loyal criticism is no vice.

THE POPE & RESPONSIBLE DISSENT

The rebel function in Catholicism

EDWARD CUDDY

A UNITARIAN FRIEND (of all people) recently spoke of the advantages Catholics have. "With church teachings so clear," he said, "at least you know where you stand." I agreed, "But it's not that simple," I added. "What if the church's demands go against your honest convictions?" He hadn't "thought of that problem," he admitted.

My friend, I later thought, might have been right for the wrong reason. The Catholic "advantage" might not be simply the church's clear doctrine, but the framework she provides for creative dissent.

Society needs rebels. Historians may prefer to focus on broad forces of social and political change, but it is the image of the rebel pitted against established power that dramatizes the moral dimension of human history: the Berrigan brothers assaulting the Pentagon, Martin Luther King, Jr., challenging Bull Connor's Birmingham, Thomas More standing firm against Henry VIII, Alexander Solzhenitsyn defying the Kremlin, Dietrich Bonhoeffer opposing Hitler. Rebels assert basic values against the destructive power of authority. They help break the rigid patterns of society, releasing its creative forces and enabling it to adjust to changing conditions. They give dramatic point to the integrity of the individual straining

EDWARD CUDDY, *is Chairman of the History & Goverment Department of Daemen College in Buffalo. His articles have appeared in* American Quarterly, Catholic Historical Review, National Catholic Reporter, The Progressive *and other journals, and he is the author of* Irish-America and Nationalism, 1914-1920 *(Arno Press).*

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against the leveling tendencies of the culture. Society has repeatedly turned against dissenters. "But in casting out the rebel," warns psychotherapist, Rollo May, "we cut our own lifeline. For the rebel function is necessary as the life-blood of culture, as the very roots of civilization."

This concept hardly squares with the traditional picture of Roman Catholicism where truth flows from its divine origins, is preserved by the pope and bishops, and is absorbed by an obedient flock. This view, though partially valid, grates not only against modern consciousness but against church history itself.

A glance at the brilliant culture of the Middle Ages reveals that Catholic life, no less than secular society, has been energized by the tensions between dissent and authority. Here was the troublesome Abelard, in perennial conflict with church authorities over his exuberant rationalism, listing the alleged contradictions of the church Fathers in his brash *Sic et Non*. Yet his disturbing methods were shaping the tools of scholasticism which became central to Catholic theology.

By the late 12th century, Aristotelian philosophy was seeping into the medieval world. The church, suspicious of the Muslim transmitters and wedded to Platonic traditions, condemned the teaching of Aristotle. But philosophers, in defiance of repeated censures, continued their study until the pope, himself, relented and even promoted the study of Aristotle. Aristotelian rebels had laid the foundations for Aquinas whose *Summa Theologica* became the crown jewel of Catholic thought. And Thomas himself died more in the odor of heresy than sanctity, with several of his positions soon condemned by the archbishops of Paris and Canterbury. Those were the years of King Louis IX, a veritable monk on the throne, whose personal holiness later won canonization. But St. Louis opposed the papacy for its awkward effort to depose Frederick II; he rebuffed ecclesiastics for their easy excommunications; he accused popes and prelates of brigandage in their treatment of church property in France.

The great "Age of Faith" was indeed an age of dissent.

Down through the centuries, dissenters have enlivened the church, broadened her heritage of truth, tempered her errant ways. In many controversies—the 16th-century ban on interest, the 17th-century condemnation of Galileo, the more recent disputes over religious liberty and biblical criticism—church leaders, anchored in a conservative theology, have been pried loose from earlier positions by dissenters open to emerging insights. Gregory Baum has impishly described the process: the church reacts to new ideas "first, by saying 'It is wrong,' then, after some years, by admitting 'It may not be wrong, but it is dangerous,' and finally by claiming 'The church has taught it all the time.'"

THE CHURCH needs her rebels. But rebels also need the church. Her living Christian tradition, nourished by many intellectual currents, often provides the vision underlying their commitment. Church authorities are the friction points which force dissenters toward greater intellectual clarity and intensity. Catholicism provides a structure to harness creative energies and a living community to test and assimilate (however painfully) new ideas.

The church's constraints are intolerable for many. Yet limits are vital to the creative process. Moreover, responsible dissenters know that truth is complex and that all people, including their adversaries, hold mixtures of truth and error. The church's medieval ban against interest was obsolete in a world of emergent capitalism. But centuries of exploitative capitalism have deepened our appreciation for the premise on which the ban rested: that man's penchant for profit must be curbed for the common good. Even the church's disputed birth control doctrine, emphasizing discipline and restraint and a certain "biologism" instead of chemicals and technology, expresses something that may suddenly be hailed by an ecology-minded generation.

No one should want to silence his enemies, for that robs him of the truth they possess. The tension between dissent and authority is crucial to the discovery of truth, even when both poles are tinged with error.

For all her flaws, it is in the church, declares theologian John Milhaven, that he finds Christ: sometimes by accepting, sometimes by dissenting. "But this is where I find Him." Gregory Baum, despite various problems with ecclesiastics

("We should have thrown more holy water on him when he became a Catholic," grumbled one priest) locates his theological bearings in the Catholic tradition: "Perhaps it is because I am a Catholic theologian . . . that I am so conscious of belonging to a community of faith, of sharing in the intellectual and spiritual experiences of this community, and of interpreting in my theological work not only what the Gospel means to me personally but also and especially what it means to the wider community to which I belong and in which I experience significant conflicts."

TODAY, the papacy itself spotlights the rebel function in society. For Karol Wojtyla, Catholicism has been an act of rebellion. His priestly career began in an illegal, underground seminary under German occupation, during which time he strove to rescue Jewish families from Nazi executioners. Under Communism, he has been a resilient and resourceful foe of government authorities, pressing for a larger religious freedom for his people. The Pope's recent triumphal return to his homeland, with the Polish millions thundering their support and a nervous regime trying to muffle his impact, etched a bold image of a rebel leader.

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Wojtyla's long maturation in the Communist pressure cooker has left its mark on his philosophy. In his book, *The Acting Person*, he stresses freedom and opposition as basic to man's life in community. Man's sense of solidarity, he warns, must not degenerate into mere conformity. It must be balanced by "opposition," by resistance to collective forces which threaten personal responsibility or the common good. These concepts were targeted primarily against Nazism and Communism. Will he make the connections with Catholicism with its own pressures toward conformity?

In a study of Soviet rebels, *The Challenge of the Spirit*, Boris Shragin contends that Russian dissent in recent years has sprung not so much from the "practical" impulse for political reform, as from the simple demands of the human psyche. Theirs is the natural rebellion of the human spirit, unable to endure the systematic duplicity of Russian life, the physical and psychological strain of living at odds with one's inner conviction.

Comparisons can be odious, but the tensions described by Shragin vaguely resemble those depicted by the English theologian Charles Davis in *A Question of Conscience*, his apologia for leaving the church. For Davis, the church had become a "zone of untruth" led by men more concerned with authority than truth. Davis exaggerates the unhappiness and underestimates the inner peace and meaning many have found in the church. But in his clear, cogent style, he capsules an experience familiar to many Catholics: the rising tension over the years as he tried to twist his mind into religious categories alien to his own experience. In the end, honest heresy rather than dishonest orthodoxy, became his path to integrity.

Davis articulated a compelling case for his decision to leave the Catholic church. But his book could also be used to bolster the right of responsible dissent within the church, a concept increasingly prominent in Catholic theology, yet, still an obscure element in the mental landscape of most Catholics. The doctrine of responsible dissent yields no quarter to moral laxity or mental laziness. It begins with a strong presumption in favor of church authority, limits disagreement to noninfallible teaching, and justifies dissent only after serious reflection and hard reasoning. The doctrine provides a safety valve for the inner pressures described by Davis, a middle path between blind conformity and mindless rejection of church authority.

Andrew Greeley tells us that *Humanae Vitae*, more than anything else triggered the crisis in contemporary Catholicism. Greeley might be only half right. The volcanic impact of Pope Paul's encyclical, may be due less to its rigorous stand on birth control than to the lack of a well-defined tradition of dissent among the faithful. Father Charles Curran recalls the alarm he felt on the eve of the impending encyclical—the crises of conscience he anticipated for both priests and laity: "Many people would think that they could no longer be loyal Roman Catholics because of their decision to practice artifical contraception. . . . I was convinced that most Catholics and priests did not even know about the right to dissent from authoritative noninfallible, hierarchical teachings." In the forceful rebuttal that followed, Curran, supported by over 600 theologians, met both the birth control issue and the right of dissent head on. Catholics were soon reading in their newspapers about their right "to disagree with the papal teaching and still be loyal Roman Catholics."

THE DOCTRINE of responsible dissent, however, had to work upstream against generations of loose catechetics: the exaggerations of church infallibility; the excessive emphasis on obedience and intellectual submission to ecclesiastical authority; the fudging on past errors. Few teachers seemed to notice that even with the backing of the Holy Spirit, the pope himself does have his off days.

Conservative prelates might balk at the suggestion, but church history argues for a broader communication of the Catholic right of dissent. It would mean, I think, a deeper intellectual commitment to religious faith. It would cultivate a conscience akin to that "most secret core and sanctuary" of the person as described by Vatican II—one based on intelligence and freedom rather than the compulsions and threats of external authority. The right of responsible dissent encourages a broad dialectic in the church conducive to that "open system" Karl Rahner writes of, "with diverse factions conversing from various quarters for the discovery and clarification of truth." In short, it recognizes the rebel function, basic to both the integrity of the individual and the vitality of the church.

For Pope John Paul II, the rancid taste of Nazi and Communist tyrannies have quickened his rebel spirit toward political authority. His own experience may lead him to sympathize with those rebelling against the compulsions and rigidities of Catholicism. Unfortunately rebels also have been known to adopt the absolutism they once opposed. And the Pope's roots in an East European Catholicism where religious survival was an endless struggle may spell a rigorously conservative papacy.

The immediate future may be exhilarating—or extremely painful—to those of us who are so moved by the person and papacy of John Paul II. In the long run however, his course should matter little to our religious allegiance. "No matter how much society is changed," observes Rollo May, conflict will continue between the individual and the "conformist levelling tendencies of society." What matters is that Catholics avoid an empty cynicism or defeatism over situations not to their liking, that rebels and authorities play their roles with zest and dignity, and that we be sensitive to the truth that lives in all adversaries—in and outside the church.

In one of his poems, Karol Wojtyla wrote: "I am a giver, I touch the forces that expand the mind." As pope he will do just that. The question is how: in the style of his namesake, John, who moved the church in the spirit of aggiornamento, or in the style of his namesake, Paul, who sharpened consciousness by stimulating revolt.

Whichever path the Pope takes, if he can sustain his joyful vigor—while occasionally rereading his own philosophy—he could manage well the continuing dialectic in contemporary Catholicism.

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Power without divisions

FLEMING RUTLEDGE

THERE ARE two ways of understanding what is often referred to as the separation of church and state. One of these interpretations is deeply biblical; the other, though commonly held, is unbiblical, false and dangerous.

The commonly held view is that church and state should be kept apart because they have nothing to do with one another; "religion and politics don't mix." The clergy should leave military matters to the generals. The church should never take positions on political questions. The bishop should stay away from the nuclear issue.

The other way of understanding the separation of church and state is very different. Its roots lie deep in the biblical narrative of the mighty acts of God. Consider what the *International Dictionary of the Bible* tells us in its article on "Nations."

> In the biblical drama there are three *dramatis personae*: God, the nations, and Israel. The nations are the matrix of Israel's life, and the *raison d'être* of her whole history and calling. In the table of nations in Gen. 10, there are over seventy different ethnic groups mentioned . . . the whole mankind as known by the author. . . . This interest in the nations accurately reflects the biblical emphasis on *history* as the vehicle of revelation and the nations as the object of God's redeeming purpose. Such preoccupation with history cannot be found in any other sacred literature of the world.

The Judaeo-Christian tradition is profoundly, irrevocably, uniquely political. The relation of Israel to the nations (as the Hebrew scriptures would put it), the relation of the church to the world (in New Testament terms) may indeed be one of separation, but of detachment, never! Jesus prayed for his disciples in these words: *"Holy Father . . . They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. . . . As thou didst send me into the world, so I have sent them into the world."* Somewhere in the distinction between being *in the world* and being *of the world* we will find the crucial clue to the true meaning of the separation of church and state.

Governments all over the world, capitalist and Communist alike, relish the first kind of church-state separation that I was talking about, while fearing and hating the second. In the first sort, the ruling powers are free to go their own way without interference. In the second type, the church, as the body of Christ, free from any kind of alliance with the government, may enact God's judgment upon the government at any time and in the most inconvenient ways. Ruling powers everywhere do their best to encourage the church to be not only separate but also quiescently religious. It does not always work. From the *New York Times*, June 3, 1979: "Poland's Communist leadership has long held that the church and state could coexist here if the church would restrict its concern to moral and spiritual questions and leave political and temporal matters to the authorities. As Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, Archbishop of Cracow, the Pope for 20 years refused to bend to these demands, and his views today have clearly not changed."

As virtually every journalist writing about the Pope's trip to Poland was moved to observe, there has been no clearer demonstration in the modern world of the intimate connection between politics and faith in certain circumstances. As the *Time* magazine reporter put it, "Every papal gesture, every deft historical reference had political connotations in this setting." And a Communist party newspaper sourly remarked, "It is hard to tell where pastoral work stops and politics begins." In Pope John Paul's own words, spoken in Warsaw's Victory Square, "The exclusion of Christ from the history of man is an act against man. Without Christ it is impossible to understand the history of Poland . . . this nation, with its past so full of splendor and also of terrible difficulties."

Jesus Christ and the history of nations! We are not so accustomed to thinking in these terms as are the Polish Catholics, but the early Christians would have had no trouble understanding. *Jesus is Lord*—that was the first Christian creed. If Jesus is Lord, Caesar is not Lord. One must choose. Pontius Pilate made a half-hearted attempt to coexist with Jesus of Nazareth, but the people would not allow it: "Pilate sought to release him, but the people cried out, 'If you release this man, you are not Caesar's friend; everyone who makes himself a king sets himself against Caesar.' . . . Pilate said to the people, 'Behold your king!' They cried out, 'away with him. . . . Crucify him!' Pilate said to them, 'Shall I crucify your king?' The chief priests answered, 'We have no king but Caesar.' "

Jesus is King. Jesus is Lord. The Kremlin is not Lord. There

REV. FLEMING RUTLEDGE, *a priest of the Episcopal Church, is Associate Rector of Christ's Church in Rye, New York. Reverend Rutledge describes herself as a "radical evangelical." This article is adapted from a sermon she preached at Christ Church.*

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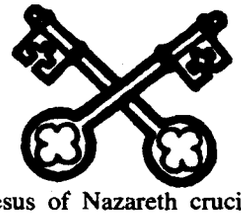
is theology here as well as politics. Millions of Polish throats sang a certain hymn wherever John Paul went; the hymn was *Christus Vincit*, "Christ Conquers." Jesus is Lord of the nations. If a man believes that, it does make a difference. "For I am persuaded," wrote St. Paul, "that neither death nor life . . . nor principalities and powers . . . will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." A man who has that kind of faith is bold for the truth, even in the teeth of a tyrannical government. When John Paul was a young man during World War II, he served in the anti-Nazi underground and hid Jewish refugees who sought to escape. Some 35 years later, with the whole world watching, this same man passed through the gates of the death camp at Auschwitz, lifted his hands to celebrate the Eucharist of the Christian Church, and from the very heart of the most evil place in all human history spoke these ringing words from the First Epistle of John: "This is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith. (For who is it that overcomes the world but he who believes that Jesus is the Son of God?)"

If there had been more Christians like John Paul during the Nazi era, there would have been no Auschwitz. The so-called separation of church and state served Hitler very well. The government performed its deeds and the church looked the other way. The new pope represents another sort of church-state relationship; as one thoughtful commentator wrote, "The Pope has told people, in effect, that they should be dissidents."

Well, sneered Josef Stalin in the 1930s, it is all very well to talk about the Pope; but "how many divisions does the Pope have?" In similar vein, a French journalist wrote cynically, "The Pope is nothing by himself. He has empty hands."

Empty hands and no divisions! That is the true state of the



Lord's servants. Jesus of Nazareth crucified—the Lord of glory. A raggle-taggle band of slaves in Egypt—God's chosen people. An obscure Polish cardinal with no divisions—suddenly a world leader. These paradoxes are at the center of Christian faith. "My power is made perfect in weakness," the Lord said to St. Paul, and the apostle concluded, "He was crucified in weakness, but lives by the power of God." The church confronts the state with power, all right, but it is a different sort of power. It is not the sort of power that grows out of the barrel of a gun. It is a power that comes with empty hands and no divisions. It is power based on the knowledge that Jesus is Lord.

THE REASON that the church must remain separate from the state is that the church must never be seen as identical with the state. The people of God must always present a contrast to the secular powers. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Poland. Nowhere is it less apparent than in America, where civil religion is the norm, where Billy Graham was a regular visitor at the Nixon White House, where every secular occasion is blessed by the clergy, where burgeoning numbers of born-again Christians testify that Jesus Christ has made them successful and prosperous. It is not so easy for us to see how we should be dissident in our own land. Alexander Solzhenitsyn was a hero in America until he delivered his famous Harvard address, in which, from a radical Christian perspective, he criticized the United States for its corrupt materialism at the same time that he continued to condemn Soviet oppression. It is worth noting the observation in *Time* magazine that Pope John Paul in Poland "seemed to envision an eventual pan-European Christian alliance against the secular materialism of both East and West."

In a passage from the great book of the prophet Ezekiel, the worldly magnificence and power of the nation of Egypt is compared to a great tree whose branches reached among the clouds. Birds nested in it and animals rested in its shade, a reference to the many nations, including Israel, who turned to Egypt for protection. But what says the Lord God? "Because it towered high and set its top among the clouds, and its heart was proud of its height, I will give it into the hand of a Mighty One of the nations; he shall surely deal with it as its wickedness deserves. I have cast it out."

One of the major themes of Ezekiel, as indeed of all the prophetic literature, is that world history is under the control of the Almighty God, and that he purposes the judgment of all earthly nations—including Israel—as he prepares the end of all earthly power. In the fluctuations of world politics, God is teaching his people to depend on him alone.

It is being said with increasing frequency of late that the principal issue confronting the church and the world today is the arms race, and particularly nuclear arms. Even the more conservative denominations and groups are beginning to realize that the nations of the world, including our own nation, have taken the wrong course in this matter. The resistance of the worldwide church to this evil has only begun, but it will continue. There will be more and more protests, more and more church involvement, and if individual congregations think they can escape it by remaining indifferent, then the judgment of God will lie hard upon them. For just a few days we saw the unleashed power of the church as the Vicar of Rome came back to his native land, with empty hands indeed, wearing only the armor of God, carrying nothing but the gospel of Jesus, lifting high the cross of Christ, proclaiming the victory of the crucified Lord over terrible evil, bearing in his person the weakness, simplicity and vulnerability of Jesus of Nazareth, yes, and also the power, dominion and glory of the Lord of Hosts, whose church is founded in eternity, spread out through all time and space, "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the cornerstone." The *New York Times* reported that the Polish government sent hundreds of truckloads of militia into Cracow as the Pope approached. One Cracow bishop told several reporters, "They're scared, they're afraid of an uprising."

No wonder.

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THE POPE & WOMEN

Wives, mothers & heroes

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA

THIS POPE shocks militant feminists by exhorting girls to prepare themselves to be wives and mothers; he embarrasses "sophisticates" by constant reminders of his devotion to Mary; he is obviously at ease in the company of women; he is a friend of an actress; has been known to serenade a woman skier; and encourages women to use their talents at work outside the tradionally "female occupations."

A paradox? No, a Pole.

Whether pope or party protagonist, a modern Pole's concepts, ideals and beliefs are the fruit of grafting the Catholic faith onto the Polish stock, all constantly nurtured with vividly remembered distant and recent historical events. This synthesis is the strongest in the realm of family relations, in the perception of the duties, the privileges, and the roles of family members, and, by extension, of the young and the old, of men and women.

"*. . . I think of Him, . . . who from His Mother learned to behave like a man, and who in the just man given to Him by God for a father had a master in life and everyday labor,*" says John Paul II. For a Pole duties of parents transcend all other duties. There is no dignity greater than that of a parent. A contemporary Polish Primate was extolled not because of his brilliant intellectual and ecclesiastic achievements but for his public reverence for his peasant mother. Maria Sklodowska-Curie considered that cooking, sewing and personally bringing up her children took precedence over her career. In the officially materialistic present-day Poland, putting one's parent in a nursing home still brings at least private opprobrium on party members.

Poles are proud that historically the position of women in that country was better than the lot of their contemporary sisters in neighboring areas. Perhaps significantly, women's status deteriorated rapidly in the Renaissance, during the time of the greatest influence of ancient Greek thought. Their prestige was restored during the Counter-Reformation and by the resurgent devotion to Our Lady.

Even in pagan times, when women's rights and privileges were greatly limited, their position was good enough to lead some writers into a false conclusion that the Polish society was matriarchal. Women attained influence as priestesses and seers; mothers of sons were accepted as full members of the clan. Marriage was a solemn pact between two friendly clans, an agreement accompanied by festivities and a mutual exchange of gifts of equal value. It was not a marriage by abduction, or even a marriage by purchase. Since both the bride and the groom were the 'objects' of the arrangement, the wife could by no means be considered her husband's 'chattel.' Although theoretically she was subject to her husband, her worry was not her husband's discipline, but her mother-in-law's tender mercies.

In Christian times up to the 16th century, women retained ownership of their dowries. Flax and certain other crops, the original crops of Poland, belonged to them, not to their husbands. They kept the proceeds of the sale of their own and their household's handiwork. True, a woman could not inherit, but she received her share of the family fortune as her dowry. A widow had lifelong control of all her husband's properties, real and movable, except for their daughters' shares. Legally, the ownership of the land vested in the sons but, until the death of their mother, they had absolutely no control over their property. The family, in fact, went directly from the *manus* of the *pater familias* to the *manus* of the *mater familias*. "Vidua . . . quaedam . . . dives ac nobilis valde . . . multam habens familiam et non parvae auctoritatis matrona, strenue regens domum suum," writes Otto of Bamberg. Up to the middle of the 15th century a Polish woman had all the rights of her class on a par with a man, including the rights to sue, to appear as a witness, to sign contracts, to adopt.

Later centuries brought in almost constant wars, constant invasions. With the men away at arms, the *de lege* feudal paternalism was replaced by *de facto* maternalism. It was the women, the mothers, who provided stability. They ran the estates; they brought up both the sons and the daughters; they kept up the traditions; they passed them to the next generations; they became the beloved and reverend 'Magistrae.'

Throughout the times of persecutions and foreign domination it was the mother that kept up the spirit, the national pride, the hope, the faith, the language. It was Polish mothers who defeated Bismarck's Kulturkampf. It was volunteer women, who, in the face of ruthless punishments, kept up the education of peasant and worker children. The Parthenon of Polish

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA, *a previous contributor, to* Commonweal, *is a chemist, editor, author and historian.*

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women writers, poets, artists and scientists spans the centuries. To deny a woman her right to intellectual achievement would be to deny's one's Polish heritage.

"Many of you work in those fields that are opening up today to women's talents. . . . Through your creativity you take part in the transformation of this society. The modern life style creates possibilities of ever more important tasks for women; bring in your contribution . . ."

"The Pope's affection is directed also toward working wives present here, and to all the women who are listening to my words over the media."

In agricultural Poland women worked side by side with men for centuries. The late arriving industrialization came almost together with the economic crisis. Occupied, war-torn, forever rebuilding, modern Poland has always had a large proportion of its married women working to help make ends meet.

"Remember that Virgin Mother who knew how to be a cause of joy for the husband and a careful guide for the Son in moments of difficulty and trial. . . . She knew how to remain strong in goodness even at the most difficult hours."

The stormy history of Poland is replete with the names of heroic women, of women who fought after the men gave up, who took up arms when their menfolk fell, who alternated between defending the ramparts, caring for their families and cooking for the garrision. The Polish man is not envious of their achievements—one is not jealous of one's heroes. In the Warsaw square where Pope John Paul celebrated the first Mass of his pilgrimage there is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The body was brought there from the cemetery of the "Eaglets of Lwów." In 1919, with most men away fighting off the advancing Soviet forces, the city of Lwów was defended by its remaining inhabitants: the old, the women, the children. Poland's Unknown Soldier may well be a woman.

Polish history is also full of men who gave up their careers to take care of their children when the mother died, who wept openly at a calamity, who publicly expressed their affections.

Resurrected after a century and a half of partitions, the Poland of Lolek Wojtyla, established in her first constitution the equality of her citizens regardless of sex. Her ancient universities opened their doors to women as soon as they were not denied their right to do so by the foreign oppressor. These acts could not even begin to repay the political, cultural and intellectual debt the nation owed to generations of women.

With other grade schoolers Lolek probably read Maria Konopnicka long before he discovered Henryk Sienkiewicz; when he discovered the author of *Quo Vadis* he probably also discovered Zofia Kossak; when he read Boleslaw Prus he must have read Eliza Orzeszkowa. The sports heroes of Polish boys of his generation were three women and a man: Halina Konopacka, the winner of the first Olympic gold medal for Poland; Stasia Walasiewicz (Stella Walsh), "the fastest woman in the world"; Jadzia Jędrzejowska, who came within two games of winning Wimbledon; and Janusz Kusociński, the only man who bested the Finns at long distance running. Only much later did Polish youngsters acquire another male sports hero—a black American, Jessie Owens.

Wartime Poland became Karol Wojtyla's pedagogue. The struggle for minds, for freedom, for survival made no distinction between men and women. Privation, torture and death knew no sex differences. When Pope John Paul II came to Warsaw on his pilgrimage, his first visit was to the city's cathedral. There, he must have passed by two plaques side by side in the right nave: one in memory of the priests murdered by the Nazis, one commemorating the women who gave their lives for Poland. The church and the mother, the two pillars of continuity, of national identity. In the church where he said his farewell Mass in Warsaw is another plaque dedicated to "Scouts who died defending this church"—a single alphabetical list of boys and girls.

A FEW YEARS ago an American wire-service reporter was amused to see a Warsaw policeman taking over point duty from his female colleague: a click of the man's heels, a smart military salute, then a bare-headed bow to kiss the lady's hand. A Pole finds nothing strange in the incident: the man is still a man, the woman still a woman, they both happen to work as police officers.

Screen

MOVIES BY XEROX

SON OF SEQUEL STRIKES BACK

THIS CRAZE for re-makes makes it very hard on movie critics. When the original film comes out, you dutifully go and see it. You like it, or you don't. And you write your review. Fine. But then the sequel comes along, except that it isn't so much a sequel as a Xerox of the original. Nobody involved in the film—not the producer, the writer, the director nor the stars—has had one new idea. Yet the poor, underpaid, ill-appreciated reviewer is supposed to come up with a whole new review. It just ain't right. When *Jaws II* came out, I obligingly wrote a fresh, witty, original piece pointing out what a stale, old-hat, exact copy of a movie it was. Now I'm handed *Rocky II*. Enough is enough. When it's time to turn in my review this week, I'm going to dig into my files and find that review of *Jaws II*, and Xerox it.

The popularity of *Rocky II* makes me think that reviewing movies is a waste of time anyway. Once in awhile, as with *The Godfather*, a movie is big enough and good enough to rate a sequel. More rarely, as with *Godfather II*, or *The French Connection II*, a sequel is better than the original. But for the most part, the sort of film that gets treated to a re-make is just the sort that you wouldn't want to see again, *especially* if you enjoyed it the first time. It was a film that had something lightly likable about it. It was novel or charming in some way that, if you didn't look too closely, managed to retain its appeal for the hour or two the film lasted.

In *Rocky*'s case, it was his charm. Rocky was a stumble-

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bum ham-'n'-egger, part-time strong-arm for the Mafia, but he was good-natured about it. The whole idea of a heavyweight contender who won us over by his sweetness was attractive somehow, and the legend of Rocky Balboa got a lift from the legend of Sylvester Stallone. That Stallone should have gotten to make his movie was only slightly less improbable than that Rocky should get his shot at the title, so we were all pulling for them both. Like his alter-ego Rocky, Stallone seemed to have "a relaxed brain." But we were willing to overlook that. Everybody loves an underdog.

So now I have to suffer through *Rocky II*, or *The Come-Back of Underdog*, as it might have been called. Considering the movies Stallone has made since *Rocky*, he needs a come-back. But concocting one for Rocky himself is more difficult. After all, Rocky isn't an underdog anymore. In the new movie Stallone fixes this in nothing flat. He reverses Rocky's fortunes without wasting a lot of time on the fine points of moviemaking, like character development, narrative pace, credibility—things like that. As a result of his celebrity from the title fight in the original movie, Rocky begins the new film with a $300,000 contract to do TV commercials. But then it turns out he can't read well enough to work from cue cards. So he goes back to emptying spitoons in the 3rd Street Gym. Even his old trainer Mick (Burgess Meredith) can't believe it. "Whay'z ya dignidy?" he moans.

Me, I'm moaning too. I never saw anybody hit the skids so fast, not even in those 75-minute second features about boxing that Warner Brothers used to make. Didn't anybody think to tell Rocky he could try being in print ads, where the customers would have to do all the reading? It doesn't pay as well as TV, but it would have kept him in grocery money long enough to be forgotten and really *need* a come-back.

At least poor Adrian (Talia Shire), his old girlfriend whom he now marries, and impregnates, wouldn't have had to go back to work part-time at the pet store. In *Rocky II* the plot complications, such as they are, center on Adrian's objections to Rocky's fighting and a damaged eye which makes it dangerous for him to fight. To get around the problem of the eye, Mick devises an elaborate new strategy for Rocky's rematch with the champ. To protect the eye, Rocky is to switch from a southpaw to a right-hander; then to confuse the champ, he's to switch back again in the middle of the fight. It's all very ingenious, but any hopes we have that it might lead somewhere are highly over-optimistic. As the fight draws near, instead of being in training Rocky finds himself in the hospital praying for Adrian, who's in a coma after giving birth to their child. Even Mick is there keeping the vigil, despite the fact that Adrian had remained adamant against fighting.

But the minute she comes out of the coma, practically the first thing Adrian says to Rocky is, "I want you to win." Obviously the coma has now "relaxed" her brain too. The line is so far out of character that Shire can't imagine how to deliver it. She mumbles it with embarrassment when the time comes, thereby making the scene that much worse. (Why is it that the one or two people who can act always get the most humiliating roles in movies like these?) With this impossible, ham-handed reversal on Adrian's part, Stallone simply knocks aside her character. It seems that it was standing between him and the big fight he has planned for Rocky in the movie's final scene.

You might think that Mick's strategy and the endless training sessions that have gone into perfecting it would be more pertinent to the final scene Stallone has planned. But no. The strategy is also forgotten about as soon as the first bell sounds. The ring-side announcer does notice that Rocky has reversed his stance, and between rounds later Mick revives the issue by insisting for a moment that Rocky switch back. But the change to right-handed makes no difference in the fight—the champ says so—and Rocky sloughs off Mick's brief insistence he continue with their fight plan. Stallone is reluctant to let anything so nearly resembling a story line creep into his movie, and besides Rocky's character isn't the sort that's given to such subtleties. The fight that Stallone wants for his ending is an indiscriminate slugfest, something brutal, gory, mindless and beyond all belief. He wants, in other words, exactly the same ending he had for the original *Rocky*. Why tamper with success? In that spirit, Stallone has made virtually everything in the new film the same as it was before. The disregard for character and plot were in the original, too, although we might never have noticed had Stallone not shown them to us a second time. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Books: FINDING WRITERS, LOSING MONEY

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA:
A MODERN DOCUMENTARY HISTORY
Edited by Elliott Anderson & Mary Kinzie
Pushcart Press, $25, 770 pp.

Robert Gorham Davis

THIS IS a whale of a book, four years in the making, with forty contributors, 750 closely printed pages, a fully annotated bibliography of eighty magazines, a hundred handsome pictures of covers and editors, and an index of over a thousand names which still does not include all the writers proudly listed by editors in the engaging personal reminiscences which make the bulk of the book. Pound, Cummings and Williams, the godfathers, are hailed most often, then Bly, Burroughs, Corman, Creeley, Duncan, Eshleman, Ginsberg, Kerouac, O'Hara, Olson, Zukofsky, and after them a myriad, a whole forest of singing birds and bird-catchers.

It is not strange to devote such a huge book to something called "little." This work itself first appeared as an issue of the nominally little magazine *Tri-Quarterly*. "Little" refers to number of

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readers, not size. A handful of the stablest little magazines print from five to ten thousand copies. Most are content with a few hundred readers.

Little magazines promote literature and lose money. They are published for the satisfaction first of their editors, next of their contributors, and last of their readers, except that the readers are mostly potential contributors. *Poetry* receives 60,000 submissions in a year; *Partisan Review*, which prints very little poetry and fiction, 26,000.

What keeps these highly unprofitable enterprises going? Colleges and universities pay for the academic quarterlies, but they are now hard-pressed for funds and always worried that donors or legislators will explode over some item that strikes them as obscene or demented: "Are we spending good money on *this*?" Library subscriptions are often crucial. *Epoch* is taken by 600 libraries compared to 150 individual subscribers. Karl Shapiro recounts in dramatic detail the crises, editorial and financial, which have wracked *Poetry*, initiator and sole survivor of the poetic renaissance of 1912.

Most little magazines live out of the pockets of their editors—a few rich, most poor. Hence their ephemerality. But with the "mimeo revolution" and low-cost offset printing, resources need not be large. Determination counts most. Some editors send ditto sheets to favored contributors and let them prepare their own copy, which is run off, stapled to other contributions and distributed by hand. As a result, at any moment there are over a thousand little magazines of one sort or another, of which librarians and indexers try hopelessly to keep track, but which contributors can cite in self-promotion: "Miss X, a native of Ohio, has appeared in *Unmuzzled Ox, the* and *Runcible Spoon.*"

The scene changed somewhat when funds began to flow—or at least trickle—from the National Endowment for the Arts and from equivalent state councils. After a good deal of politicking, the CCLM (Coordinating Council of Little Magazines) forced through a "populist" agreement that NEA money for magazines should be divided equally among all applicants meeting minimum requirements. Some 600 magazines got $900 apiece, keeping alive some of the littlest and least worthy, starving the larger ones, and renewing the charge of absence of standards already brought against college writing courses.

The world of literary magazines is raffish and irregular because nothing else will do in a setting in which the best hope of every serious writer is to undermine every notion of what makes a piece of writing good and durable.

—Michael Anania

An author can have a list of credits several pages long without being certain that anybody but editors has read his or her work. While a large number of outlets can in part be seen as an index of the health of our literary culture, for all their value in sustaining writers' hopes and accomodating their energies, too often they contribute to the every-man-an-artist-but-no-man-needs-to-read syndrome encouraged by large and promiscuous enrollment in creative writing courses. —Gene Lyons

The Little Magazine in America

No one has solved the problem of distribution. Even interested persons, a minuscule part of the U.S. population, see—let alone read—perhaps one percent of existing little magazines. What they see depends on chance, proximity and personal friendships.

Little magazines proliferated at the same time college enrollments leaped up. They are part of a subculture including undergraduate literary magazines (which give participants a permanent need to see their names in print), creative writing courses (taught mostly by little magazine contributors and still flourishing while other humanities courses decline) and poetry readings (which yield poets more money and audience than do their printed works).

For all its wasteful fragmentation and all the self-indulgent "ka-ka," as one editor calls it, which gets spread on paper, this subculture is the loaming ground for the exceedingly rich, sensitive literature produced in this country in the past three decades. It is amazing what a high level of work magazines like *Wake, Kulchur, Kayak* and a dozen others described here could print in issue after issue.

The Little Magazine in America takes over from Frederick J. Hoffman's *The Little Magazine*, published in 1946. Where Hoffman's was an objective, analytic history, its successor, in the spirit of this more personal era, lets the editors, attractive people, tell their own stories. (One curious exception is a slashing, well documented attack on the Fiction Collective for printing poor stuff.) The editors, who naturally put their best feet forward, tell their stories with color and sympathy, mostly in a relaxed journalistic prose, unpretentious and unavant-garde. They are boring only when they go slogging through issue after past issue for ten years or so, dropping fifty names to the page.

The book will be invaluable for future historians, but what will they make of it? For most writers—or at least *these* writers—the present period lacks definition. All the experiments have been tried; the whole army is avant-garde. No new groupings have followed the New York and Black Mountain schools and the Beats. Where terms like "deep image" or "naked poetry" occur, they are used very loosely. The day of ringing manifestos and the attempted demolition of one writer by another is over. Karl Shapiro recalls the friendships he lost when he printed in *Poetry* what W.C. Williams said about Sandburg, Hugh Kenner about Delmore Schwartz ("Kenner was out to get him") and Edward Dahlberg ("a kind of nut") about Aiken's *Ushant*.

Now there is little principled controversy, political or literary. Since the flurry of social concern in the late '60s, most young writers have lost interest in the future as something they can influence, or in the past—even the literary past—as something they can learn from. Suspicious of traditions and institutions, they turn in upon themselves, on their own immediate experience, and such wisdom as they can squeeze from it.

Except for a few magazines like *Sal-*

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magundi and *Partisan Review,* ideas get scant systematic attention. The interview is preferred to the formal article. In its emphasis on personal experience, *The Little Magazine in America* reflects the world it describes. It makes a valuable collection to browse in and refer to, but not a book to read through. Taken separately, these reminiscences are often fun and their resourceful, individualistic writers good to know, but forty autobiographies in a row make a formidable course, even for those of us who owe little magazines a great deal.

Analogy & violation

THE NOVEL AND THE CINEMA

Geoffrey Wagner

Associated University Presses, $15, 394 pp.

Martin Turnell

GEOFFREY WAGNER, professor of English and the Humanities at the City College of New York, is also a distinguished writer whose works are remarkable for their range and variety. His thirty-five works include novels, poetry, literary criticism as well as studies of travel and sociology. *The Novel and the Cinema* is his first work on film, but we shall find that his other writings, which include fifteen novels, naturally play an important part in this study.

Although he looks back to Eisenstein when he observes, "It could be proposed that film emerged in literature before it did on the screen," he is not primarily concerned with strict technical elements like montage, cross-cutting, flashbacks and the like. His main interest, rather, is the way in which film directors make use of experience derived from novels.

Although the professor's study is highly stimulating, its stimulation is largely the result of his own many different judgments, such as his provocative view that J.G. Albicocco's popular film of Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*, which I found highly engaging (as I did the novel) made the novel "into a visually beautiful, yet totally empty, film in France in 1967—a model instance that color cannot carry meaning itself."

One interesting section, "Transposition," is a discussion of the success or failure to make proper use of the experience of a novel. We are told that "though not based strictly on a novel, Alain-Renais's *Last Year at Marienbad* can be legitimately considered here since it represents the most faithful rendition of a novelist's conception put before us." The opposite happens with Minnelli's film of *Madame Bovary*, a film described as 'so tame' because the director toned it down, probably because he dared not reproduce the cruelty and immorality of the characters which led to Flaubert's prosecution.

This looks forward to the way in which not one, but three films of *Madame Bovary* have been failures. The other two are by Renoir and Gerard Lamprecht. What is certain is that Renoir's film was largely spoiled by the length of the novel, since Renoir was forced, against his will, to cut down his original version by half. There is no doubt that the length of the novel also added to the failure of both Minnelli and Lamprecht. They are not the only examples. Jacques Rivette is not mentioned by the professor at all, but his *Noli me tangere* ran for nearly thirteen hours and was only shown once. His alternative version called *Spectre* ran for over four hours. Although there was plenty of ingenuity in it, I found it virtually impossible to follow the highly complicated events derived from several sources, including Balzac's *Histoire des treize* which he did not study until he had started planning the second of these films.

The most controversial section of the third chapter is "analogy." "For my purpose," we are told, "here analogy must represent a fairly considerable departure for the sake of making *another* work of art." He goes on to observe that in *Four Nights of a Dreamer* Bresson "took Dostoyevski's *White Night* and transposed it from nineteenth-century St. Petersburg to contemporary Paris," with the result that, though a change like this can be legitimate with other directors, Bresson's film is used to argue that "an analogy can still be a violation." Nevertheless, I myself regard Bresson's film not only splendid in itself, but, largely as a result of the so-called "violation," as vastly superior to the Russian film by Ivan Pyriew who stuck to the original period and place. Bresson's change of time and place also led to the magnificent shots of the great white pleasure boat gliding under a Seine bridge and gradually disappearing into the darkness of night—thus pointing to the final eclipse of the hero's love affair by his rival's return to Paris.

Wagner quotes one professor who tells us that a novel cannot be filmed unchanged when its author has completely expressed his experience. This means that there is a double impossibility of producing a successful film of *Madame Bovary*: length and the novelist's perfectly expressed experience. In addition, it disposes of the professor's unfavorable criticism of Bresson's film precisely because its director had changed material "for the sake of making *another* work of art."

Suffering & redemption

BLESSINGS

Mary Craig

Morrow, $6.95, 128 pp.

Marjorie Reiley Maguire

THIS BOOK chronicles the author's search for meaning in the face of almost unbearable suffering.

Mary Craig, now an English Catholic writer and television journalist, lived a normal life until 1956 when her second son, Paul, was born. When Paul was almost two, after a particularly difficult infancy, his mother was bluntly informed that he had Höhler's syndrome (Hurler's in America). This is an incurable, rare, genetic, neurological disorder, which causes gradual degeneration of the brain and central nervous system, resulting in

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> *One way or another, being broken up and put together again is the universal experience, the never-ending central drama of life. . . . Suffering is a key to the discovery of what we are, and what we have in us to become, if only we can summon the strength.*
>
> —Mary Craig, *Blessings*

severe retardation, physical disability and early death.

The reader feels the full horror of the words "not normal," made especially poignant because they were pronounced to a woman who had instinctively shrunk from contact with "abnormal" people all of her life. The horror strikes with especially cruel force, when the doctor, with the blunt insensitivity found too frequently among the "healers" of humanity, informs her that her son's disorder is also known as "gargoylism." (The scientific researcher who created this unscientific and crude name, which still appears in medical textbooks, completely ignored the image of blank eyes, leering faces and swollen bellies that this word would conjure up in the mind of an already distraught parent.)

The remaining eight years of her son's earthly sojourn profoundly changed Mary Craig's life. Having tried everything from the miracle route at Lourdes to the medical cure route with a specialist in Belgium and ineffective radiation treatment for Paul, and having endured everything from the glee with which the school doctor came to get a first look at this genetic specimen to a convulsing, choking child's close calls with death, Mary Craig arrived at the depths of despair. She challenged God to help her.

God's answer seemed to come through an address in a book which led her to the Sue Ryder Trust and its homes for Nazi concentration-camp survivors. In her volunteer work for this group, Mary Craig encountered people who had not only survived but had also learned that there is only one human quality that is essential, namely compassion. It was in their living witness to this lesson that these people became Mary Craig's salva-

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DOUBLEDAY

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tion, even when God dealt her a second tragic hand in the birth of her fourth child, a victim of Down's syndrome.

As the mother of a child with a disorder closely related to Hurler's syndrome, I can testify that Mary Craig's account of her experience with her child are not exaggerated. In addition, she is straightforwardly honest in writing about her own reactions—her self pity, her religious doubts, her occasional desires for her child's death, her strange mixture of profound relief and grief when the end comes. Moreover, in her effort to make sense of suffering, she does not romanticize it—in spite of the title of the book.

Mary Craig's book is unique, not because it tells of a mother's experiences with two retarded children or because of the stories it presents of the lives of concentration-camp victims. There are many books which fulfill those two tasks. *Blessings* is unique because it implicitly brings into focus in one life and in one book the two faces of the most profound theological problem—the evil that is caused by both man's inhumanity to man and God's inhumanity to man. If the Holocaust raises the question of how there can be a God after Auschwitz, every defective child,as well as every earthquake, famine and flood, raises tougher questions about the existence of God. These, after all, are not man's doing.

Mary Craig discovered that suffering can be redemptive if one does not further add to the waste of tragedy by missing the opportunity to discover blessings which might never be known without the tragedy. But Mary Craig left unaddressed the question of whether we can continue to believe in a God who is both Good and Almighty. Like Mary Craig we are quick to question God's existence or God's goodness when tragedy strikes. Why not question God's power? Could we not entertain the concept of an impotent God, in order to preserve humanity's belief in God's existence and goodness?

This book also leaves unaddressed the question of the morality of staving off suffering by aborting a fetus with a genetic disorder or by refusing life-saving surgery for a mentally abnormal newborn. Mary Craig's third and fourth pregnancies predated the widespread use of amniocentesis, and she apparently was given no option for the surgery needed by her fourth son.

In spite of these understandable limitations, I recommend this book as a profoundly moving human story, an existential investigation of the meaning of suffering, an illustration that all cases of "retardation" are not the same, and a real picture of both the value and the tragedy of a defective human life. This paradoxical complexity is often missed by the opposing sides in the debate over what respect for life requires in the way of individual moral choices.

Sermonising & satiric savagery

THE CARICATURES OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

John Wardroper

Godine, $30 [144 pp.]

Gerald Weales

I HAPPENED to be in London in 1974, when the Victoria & Albert Museum mounted a George Cruikshank show. Drawn to the exhibition by what I remembered of his work—illustrations for Dickens's Boz, those foolishly playful and punning contributions to his own *Comic Almanack*, a few of his political caricatures—I was startled to find that I had stumbled into a temperance meeting. Devoted primarily to Cruikshank's later work, the show embodied Cruikshank as eminent Victorian, a teetotaling sermonizer who has come a long way from the wild and wildly imaginative young man who had made his name in the raunchy days of the Regency. As John Wardroper indicates in his informative biographical introduction to *The Caricatures of George Cruikshank*, the artist lived so long (1792-1878) and became such a celebrated figure that, when he exhibited *The Triumph of Bacchus* in 1863, he surrounded that now almost forgotten painting with a portfolio of his early work to prove "that I am not my own grandfather."

There were incidental pleasures in the Victoria & Albert show, but it did not have the cumulative effect that an exhibition of Cruikshank's early work would have. It is not simply that the artist and his society grew more genteel after the dear queen came to the throne, but, as Wardroper says, the individual caricature print gave way to the illustrated penny paper in the 1830s and the replacement of etching by lithography provided "softened images" that "suited the general turning-away from satiric savagery." The best of Cruikshank's temperance prints—by which I mean the one most venemous in idea and imagery—is "The Gin Shop" which appeared in the 1829 *Scraps and Sketches*, almost twenty years before the artist took the much publicized pledge. It is reproduced in *The Caricatures*, a selection that covers the years from 1805, when the twelve-year-old Cruikshank produced "The Wonderful Mill" with the help of this father Isaac, himself a popular caricaturist, to 1834, when Cruikshank had put political caricature behind him to work as illustrator to other men's work or in the folios published under his own name.

Most of the caricatures come from the 1820s or the late teens and, although there are some examples of social satire or the comic genre piece, the emphasis is on Cruikshank's political cartoons. Wardroper suggests at one point, in his discussion of Isaac Cruikshank, that the English caricaturists are the best evidence of the concerns of their time because they had to appeal to their audiences and that most of them worked less from conviction than from market demands. He sometimes suggests that George Cruikshank, who did more radical caricatures than conservative ones is an exception. It is true that Cruikshank put himself among the radicals in some of the prints for conservative shops, but I can see no difference in intensity (presumed conviction) between his biting attacks on the Regent and "The Belle Alliance" (1819), an ugly portrait of the reformers, created at about the time he was elsewhere emphasizing the horror of

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the Peterloo Massacre. Cruikshank comes across as a man whose virtues are artistic not political, a caricaturist with a marvelous sense of bawdy grotesquerie, a clear eye for the identifying idiosyncrasy of public figures and willingness to find or adapt a controlling idea, whatever the cause, which best puts these talents on display. The opportunism of the young Cruikshank proved a great deal more fertile than the convictions of the older artist. *The Caricatures of George Cruikshank*, as a whole, has the force that I found missing at the Victoria & Albert.

The book, as exhibit, does have shortcomings. Although many of the reproductions are easy to take in with the naked eye, some of them in attractive color, many are reduced in size from the original and, in the process of condensation, details become less distinct than they should be. In a late nineteenth-century reissue of *Scraps and Sketches* I found "The Gin Shop" in full size and with cleaner lines; putting it alongside the new reproduction emphasizes that the reduction is in power as well as in size. The loss is particularly obvious in those caricatures in which there is a great deal of writing and a wealth of visual asides. Sometimes, as with the greatly reduced print on the 1819 Polar expedition, I found it impossible to read the balloons even with the magnifying glass I used to study detail in the reproductions. The book is, then, somewhat disappointing physically. The caricatures are well chosen, however, and Wardroper, who is comfortable with the politics, the social customs, the slang of the period, pro-

REVIEWERS

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS, *Professor Emeritus at Columbia University, is now at work on a kind of autobiography.*

MARTIN TURNELL's *books include* The Art of French Fiction *(New Directions).*

MARJORIE REILEY MAGUIRE, *a Ph.D. in Religious Studies, is a freelance writer and occasional lecturer on theological topics.*

GERALD WEALES *is Commonweal's drama critic and a professor of drama at The University of Pennsylvania. His books include* The Jumping-Off Place *and* Clifford Odets.

STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER *teaches history at the University of New Mexico.*

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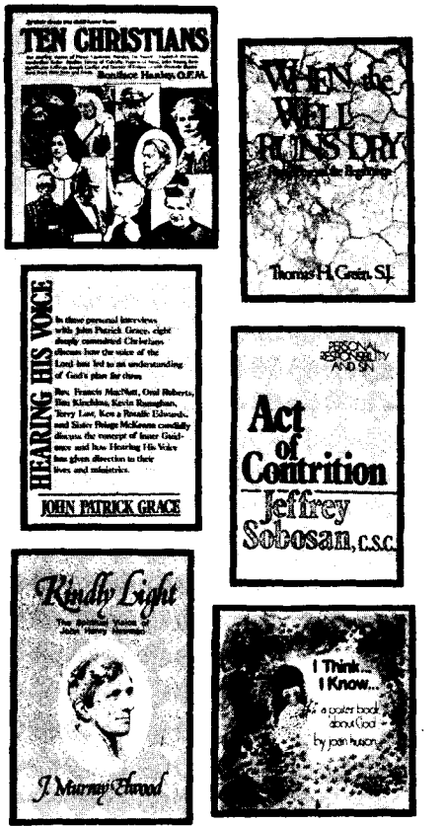

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vides useful commentary that not only sets the caricatures in historical context but directs the eye to details that a casual reader might miss. *The Caricatures of George Cruikshank* is not the perfect exhibition I long for, but—if you want early Cruikshank—it is the only one in town.

In brief

GROUCHO, *by Hector Arce, Putnam, $14.95, 541 pp.*

What is the relationship of good taste to truth in the biography of the living or recently deceased? To what extent should discretion prevail over telling a story "like it is"? Perhaps the only criterion is whether unpleasant revelations are needed to understand the meaning of a man's life.

One experiences a malaise at learning the details of Groucho's sexual hangups, and being given simplistic pop-psychological explanations for them. No man is a hero to his valet, but few valets would appreciate heroism anyway, let alone art. Arce tells us that Groucho was a bad lover, a bad father, and rather chintzy to boot. But what made him a great comic? That's less clear. That's not clarified.

Nevertheless, this book is informative, and fairly well-researched, within its limits. It establishes the milieux in which Groucho dwelled, and recreates the people he knew. It's a popular biography—that is, it tries to show Groucho as all too human.

Arce researched the book and saw Groucho at a time when Groucho's mind and body were giving way. In the shipwreck of his old age, children and his companion were battling over the future estate. It is not surprising that the book's structure and emphasis are affected by its author's experience. Yet, in the end, what matters most about an artist is not how he lives, but what he creates. For posterity, the memory Groucho will experience a sea-change. The tormented man will be forgotten, Hackenbush and Spaulding will become the real Groucho. That's the way it should be.

STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER

Correspondence

(Continued from page 482)

milk. But I don't think that Mr. Garvey was inspired by his somnambulent meanderings. He isn't concerned with the cessation of war, but, rather, with its administration.

Don't get me wrong. I saw the part where he had the big-shots getting creamed for their misdeeds by the protectors of peace. Peace is good. And good must conquer evil. (Did you see *Star Wars*? I wonder if Arty Bremmer did.) The fact that Mr. Garvey says nothing about who decides which leaders get creamed for their misdeeds or who defines a misdeed or who hires or who gets to be the assassin doesn't bother me, I realize that he's only kidding around about it and he needed a catchy way to wrap up his article.

What troubles me is this. In his mock solution, he accepts the need for force. He has no quarrel with the existence of the military, really. It's the idea of forcing people into it that irks him. When faced with "the liberal defense that we need (draft) registration because so many of the volunteers have been poor, black and 'under-educated'," he says he doesn't know what that means. Well, what it means is that Mr. Garvey's "intelligent" (i.e. white, educated, upwardly mobile or rich) young of the left and right find the military unattractive. They don't see a hitch humping a cannon in the dead of a West German winter as a step up. So they don't volunteer. They have better options. The black, poor and "under-educated," on the other hand, are more likely to view the military as an escape from the ugly realities of their civilian existence. So they volunteer. But what Mr. Garvey chooses to ignore is the fact that the poor, black and "under-educated" volunteer, alright, but they didn't volunteer to be poor, black and "under-educated." Most were forced into this condition by circumstance of birth.

Mr. Garvey and his intelligent freedom-fighters know that picking up

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garbage is a smelly job. And they know that it is very important that it gets picked up. They'd hate to see anyone (especially themselves) being forced to handle a Hefty-Bag. Their solution? Let the niggers do it. Nobody's forcin' 'em. And we're payin' 'em, aren't we?

THOMAS AQUINAS BOYLE

More on Lattimer

Bloomsburg, Pa.

To the Editors: Mr. Walsh's critical comments concerning Michael Novak's book, *The Guns of Lattimer* [June 22], and its interpretation of the Lattimer massacre stresses a single cause explanation that relies on economic determination in accounting for the motivation of the sheriff's posse to shoot into the crowd of unarmed, immigrant coal miners on strike. This viewpoint fails to bring into focus a myriad of factors that produced one of the most serious acts of violence in American labor history. . . .

One needs to keep in perspective that nothing like the Lattimer massacre had ever occurred in the anthracite coal fields. There had been numerous labor disturbances in this area but Lattimer becomes distinctive and unique because of its tragic consequences. The strike in the summer of 1897 which produced Lattimer differed from earlier strikes. Previous strikes involved primarily English-speaking and German miners. With the great influx of Southern and Eastern European immigrants into the area in the decade preceding, there occurred a significant transformation in the ethnic composition of the work force. This strike was the first effort by immigrants to secure a resolution of many grievances. Their discontent was not exclusively directed at the coal-mine operators but also at English-speaking and German miners who held the better paying position, supported discriminatory measures against them, and refused to support their strike.

A major factor that merits more attention was reliance on a sheriff's posse to deal with labor disputes. Traditionally, posses were recruited in the area where the unrest was and were armed and financed by the coal companies. What Lattimer illustrated was how this approach was grossly inadequate to deal with a large labor disturbance. The posse, whose members were either employed or engaged in coal-related businesses, were possessed with strident and unrestrained nativistic sentiments, untrained in crowd control, undisciplined, and exhausted from fatigue in confronting the strikers over a number of days. Previous posses were of less divergent ethnic backgrounds than the strikers, but the posse at Lattimer faced an entirely different group of people than they were. In the eyes of the posse the strikers were the enemies of public order, well-spring of lawlessness, and a threat to their social order. Lattimer provided an opportunity for them to teach these malcontent foreigners a lesson of obedience, as one editorial writer declared, "by means of Winchester rifles."

This is the attitude that faced the immigrant strikers and this is what Novak successfully depicts in his account of the Lattimer massacre. Walsh is wrong in his disregard of nativism and in seeing it only as a conflict between management and labor. The aftermath of Lattimer was for coal operators to begin to rely more heavily on coal-iron police, to request the national guard early in a strike, and to support the establishment of a state police force. The coal fields were too volatile to place much confidence in a sheriff's posse with nativism running rampant.

GEORGE A. TURNER
Associate Professor of History
Bloomsburg State College

The value of Novak

Tocoma, Wash.

To the Editors: Joseph Walsh's excellent article on "The Odyssey of Michael Novak" [June 22] was long overdue. Novak's conversion to neoconservatism is obviously a worthy subject for critical analysis—especially, as Walsh pointed

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out, for those who are diametrically opposed to Novak's politics but who, nevertheless, for some inexplicable reason, admire him.

Approximately two years ago an ugly mob of liberal vigilantes—myself included—bombarded the editorial offices of *Commonweal* with letters, angrily demanding either a.) that Michael Novak's typewriter be permanently taken from him, so that he will no longer publicly embarrass liberal Catholic apologists; or, failing that, b.) that he cease equating his political opinions (both civil and ecclesiastical) with "orthodox Catholic tradition."

The letters were quite univocal: Novak was "in poor taste," "flip," "sarcastic," "superficial," "smug," "offensive," and "myopic." His sin, of course, was damnable: he was a heretic. Novak had the unutterable gall to call into question one of the sacred dogmas of the One True Liberal Catholic Church—in this case, the notion of the ordination of women. He soon discovered, if he hadn't known already, that Catholic tradition is still very much alive: heretics are *burned*.

The editors of *Commonweal*, though, decided to make a feature piece out of the letters, and collected them all into a single article, with Novak responding to each writer. It was sobering to see my letter printed that way. It's one thing for a cocky university student to fire off an angry, self-righteous letter; it's quite another to see that letter assembled with others like it, all bristling with contempt and *ad hominem* digs, aimed at one man. If Novak was ultimately unable to withstand Fr. Robert Egan's devastating critique (and sarcasm), he did manage to manifest more grace, modesty and character than all his critics combined.

I still believe Novak is wrong about the ordination of women. In fact, I believe he's wrong on most political issues: that capital punishment is "a liturgical act"; that homosexuals shouldn't have the same civil rights as heterosexuals; that the U.S should continue to strengthen its strategic nuclear forces; the list goes on.

But for some strange reason, the first columnist I read at night, when I get my evening paper, is Michael Novak. I know that often he'll just make me mad as hell. But I also know that, as Nietzsche said, the errors of great men are worth far more than the petty truths of little men. I learn far more from one experienced, intelligent, reasonable and responsible conservative, such as Novak, than I do from a dozen cliché-ridden liberals—even if, in the end, I side with the liberals.

In short, I'm glad Michael Novak still has his typewriter. He deserves more critical attention.

BOB HUTCHINSON

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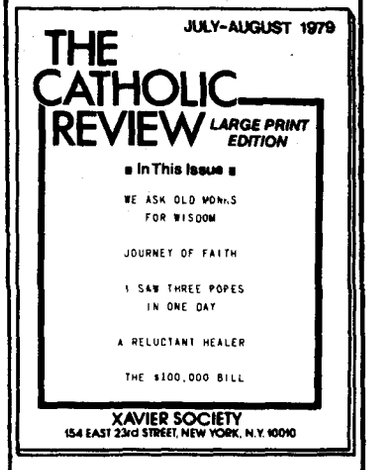

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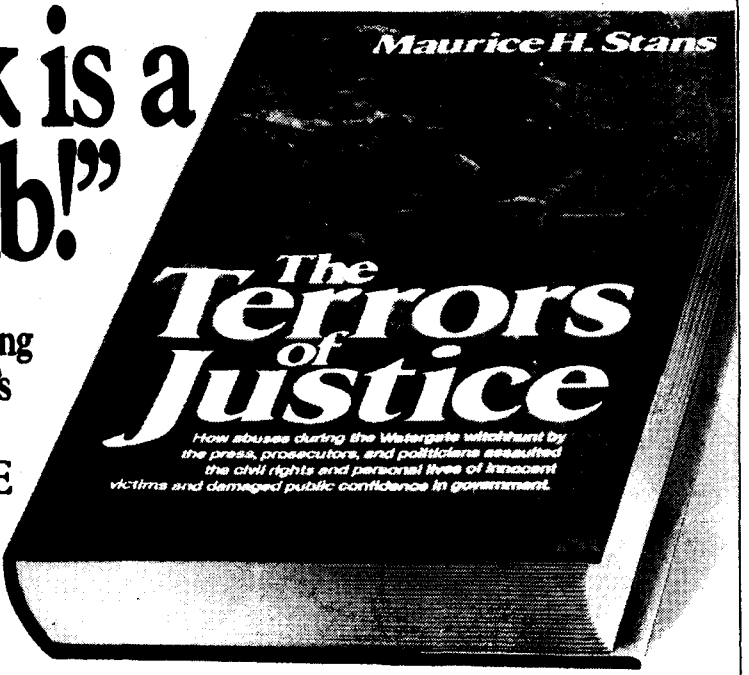
Maurice H. Stans
The Terrors of Justice
How abuses during the Watergate witchhunt by the press, prosecutors, and politicians assaulted the civil rights and personal lives of innocent victims and damaged public confidence in government.

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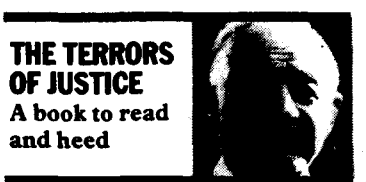

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